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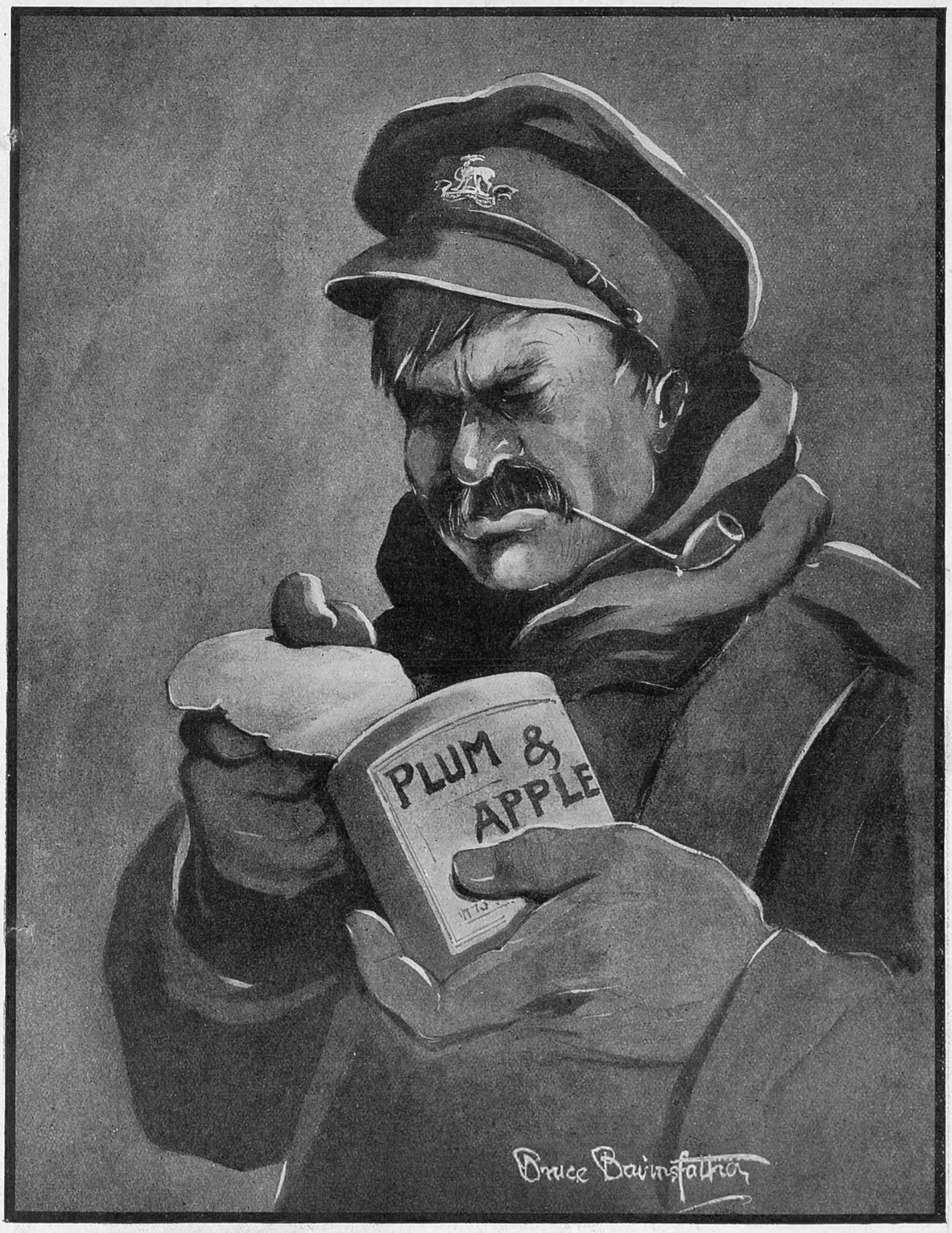
The BYSTANDER



THE ETERNAL QUESTION

"WHEN THE 'ELL IS IT GOING TO BE STRAWBERRY?"

(Plum and apple is the only jam known throughout the Expeditionary Force)

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

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"Bystander" War Forecast Competition

A reduced facsimile reproduction of "The Bystander" War Map, for use by competitors in the War Forecast Competition. Copies of the map obtainable free on application to the Editor, "The Bystander," Tallis House, London, E.C.

For details see page 368 of this issue

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

ZEPPELINS IN THE "LONDON DISTRICT"

Hoch der Kaiser!

ONE of the most interesting of the public functions after the war will be the public nailings of the wooden Kaiser statues that will be erected at various points of the "eastern counties," particularly in the woods, groves, lanes, commons, and hillsides of the Arcadia known officially as "London district."

***

The Pretty Zeppelins

We dwellers in "these parts" have to thank William for having brought out from our murky insides many new and admirable qualities. For one thing, the sight of a Zeppelin hovering by night, silvern and radiant, is æsthetically a good one for the sore eyes of Hodge, Giles, Jarge, THE BYSTANDER, and other startled "East Anglians." We all agreed, in our quaint dialect, that the "soight wer' a rare purty wan," even though the bombs looked as though they might be endangering the precious lives of some of our neighbours.

***

So Sudden!

The suddenness of the Zeppelin, which is never expected in any neighbourhood frequented by oneself, is another inducer of new virtues. Having given us the needed "turn," it compels us to make decisions with speed, sense, and *sang-froid*, and thus for once to use our sleepy wits and our tired legs. It makes us keen, conscious, and resourceful, and distinguishes discretion from valour. In my own case, I was strolling along the path by the side of our village stream when the Zep. announced itself by a crash which sounded like the fall of Przemysl, followed in rapid succession by that of Ossoviecs, Ivangorod, and Novo-Georgievsk. And the search-lights searched, and the guns gave signs of an attitude that was distinctly anti-aircraft. Hodge, Jarge, Giles, and myself took refuge in a wooded chalk-pit just in time. While underground, the rest of the local fortresses were heard to fall in rapid succession, and when silence seemed to be restored, and we ventured above, we did not expect to see anything left whatever of our poor old village.

***

And So to Bed

To our great surprise, however, it all seemed still to be there—pump, pound, market cross, weigh-bridge, and all—and only when we walked alongside the old stream did we see any trace of the mischief in the shape of a ruddy glare in the vicinity of "t' Charch yonder," which caused us seriously to fear that certain barns and storehouses adjacent must be burning. We were sorry, of course, for the loss of life that must have been caused, but as we could not possibly be sure of the nature and extent of the damage until we received the day after to-morrow the official accounts from Berlin, it was of no use worrying. So we jogged home to bed.

***

What Didn't Happen

I believe the Kaiser's expectation—I had read it in the German papers—was that the droppage of further bombs on "Lunnon district" was all that was necessary to end the war. The infuriated "shop-keepers" would proceed immediately to Whitehall and demand the restoration of Peace! At the moment of writing, that seat of authority has had no such visitation. Our Squire and his relations continue, with the aid of the Colonel, to rule the "district" as usual, and their decisions as to how long to continue at war with the Germans are as unlikely as ever to be affected by the likes of us.

***

The Suffra-Zeps

For one thing, Zeppelin raids do not strike the Londoner as events of the war at all. They are incidents of life as usual, just as were the Suffragette raids of yore. They are far too definite, too visible, too audible, to be connected with that great mysterious thing we speak of as the War. That, to us, is something somewhere in France, or Russia, or Turkey, to which our men go silently, in the dead of night, and from which *some* of them come back—wounded. The war is intangible and remote: the Zeppelin is a visible actuality. Our simple minds do not connect the two.

***

Flattery

It would no more occur to Giles of Lunnon district to connect Zeppelins with Whitehall than crows, foxes, caterpillars, or any other destructive pest. Most of us don't know where, or what, Whitehall is, and, if we do, we are perfectly certain that our calling there would not find anybody at home. The Kaiser flatters the "London district" of the "eastern counties" in crediting it with the power to influence the Government. Even if the

Our War Forecast Competition.

READERS are invited to lose no time in applying for their entry-forms (for details see page 364), as the prize will go to the sender of the most skilful forecast at the earliest date.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 363)

Zeps. destroyed the whole of "these parts," the few survivors would never dream of going to Whitehall. It would, to say the least, be disrespectful to "the quality," and we are never that. William must think of some other way of getting Britain to end the war than by dropping bombs on us "poor volk."

***

A Tall Order

The trouble with London, from the Zeppelin point of view, is that it is too large. No conceivable number of Zeppelins could destroy enough of it to arouse in the Londoner any general, collective sentiment. Probably no single native could give you a coherent account of exactly where damage was done. Even if he went the next morning to have a look at it, only after remote exploration would he succeed in seeing a little of it, and not even that little long.

***

Mere Annoyance

Suppose the Zeps. destroyed any really important buildings, Londoners would be genuinely sorry, and would wonder how long, and at what cost, the places could be rebuilt, or even if they should—some of them—be rebuilt at all. They would agree, of course, with the horrified expressions of sentiment in their daily newspapers, and the resolutions passed by public bodies. But it would never occur to them, as a result, to demand the cessation of *the war*.

HIS TURN NEXT?

The notorious Capt. Von Papen, German Military Attaché at Washington, who has been actively assisting Dr. Dumba in instigating strikes in American Munitions Factories. It is more than probable that he, too, will get his "congé"

***

Getting Used to the War

For the life of me I can't help the German Emperor by any suggestion as to what would induce the British people to make such a demand. The war is a thing that most of us regard, nowadays, as like the weather, a permanent condition of things that is sometimes good, sometimes bad, and generally neither, but quite beyond human or even supernatural jurisdiction. It furnishes the morning greeting, it makes conversation, it fills the papers. We don't believe it to be in

(*Continued on page 366*)

"Bystander" War Forecast Competition.

DIRECTIONS.

Fill up the form below and post as directed. In return you will receive a copy of our

WAR FORECAST MAP AND ENTRY FORM.

On the map, you are asked to mark the positions which you anticipate will be occupied by the Allied Armies on the cessation of hostilities. Also you are asked to give your forecast of the date at which hostilities will cease.

To the sender of the forecast which is judged by the Editor, on the close of hostilities, to be the most skilful, will be awarded a

Prize of £50

In the event of two or more forecasts being judged of equal merit, the prize will be awarded to the sender of the first of these to reach this office. There is no objection to an individual reader sending additional forecasts in subsequent weeks.

The latest date for sending in will be September 30, but the Editor reserves the right to extend it to a later date if circumstances make this advisable.

Members of the Services at Home or Abroad are specially invited to compete.

The decision of the Editor must be accepted as final.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE BYSTANDER."

Please send, post free, a copy of War Forecast Map and Entry Form.

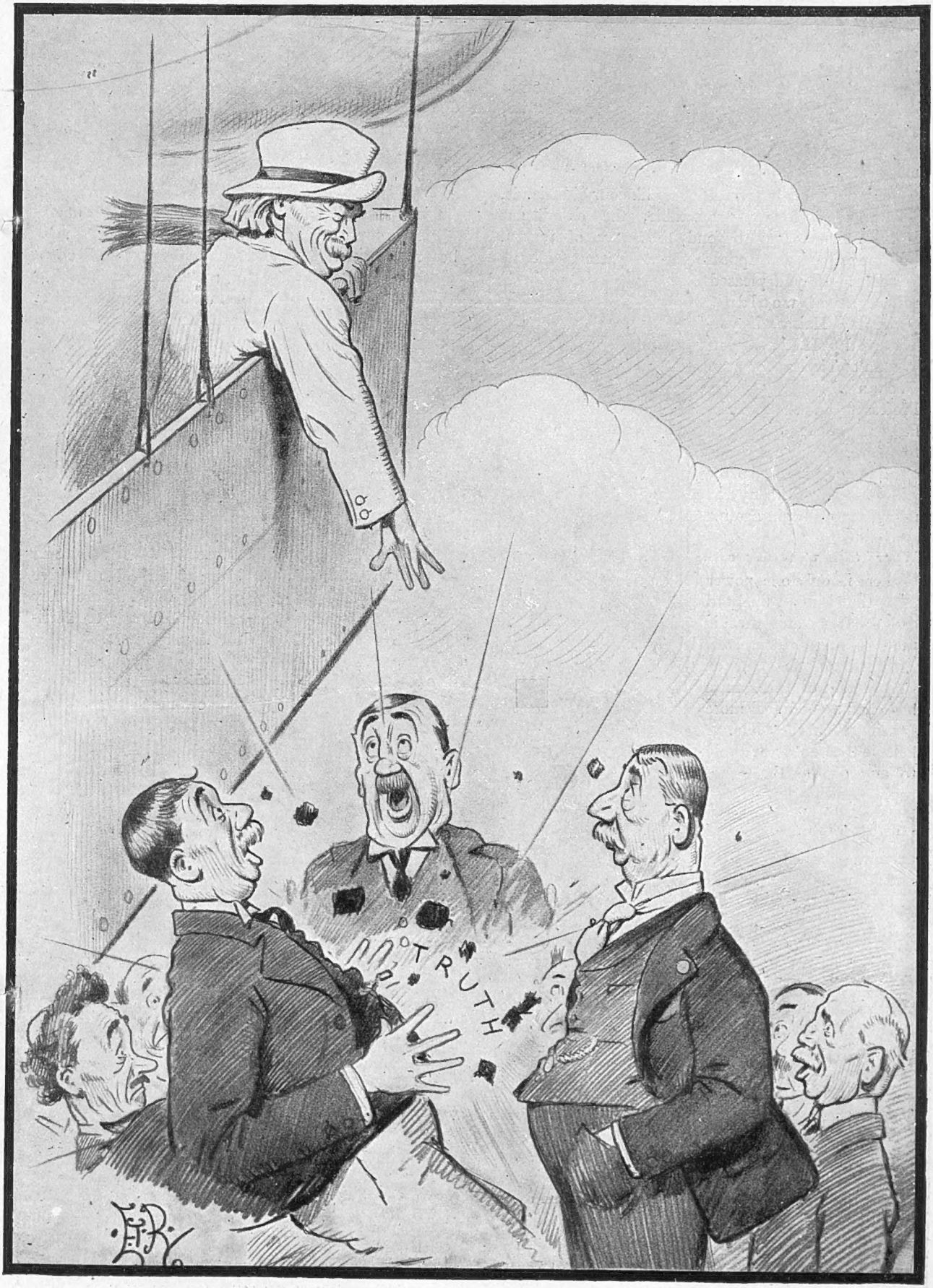
Name.....

Address .....

Cut out the above slip, place in an envelope, and address to the Editor of "The Bystander," Tallis House, London, E.C.

Another Air Raid

WESTERN COUNTIES AND DISTRICT OF BRISTOL VISITED (OFFICIAL)



[Lloyd George from his private, oratorical Zeppelin, planks a nice little bomb into the middle of the Trades Union Congress.]

VOICE: "'Ere!! We didn't bargin for <u>that</u> when we ars't you down!!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 364)

the power of any living soul to end it outright. And when it is "ended" most of us have a belief that it won't be. We don't believe that any old Treaty signed in any Continental centre will ensure the eternal quiescence of the various tribes who have been so wickedly set at each others' throats. Above all, we have a profound and invincible belief in Germany's bad faith. We believe that whatever Treaty she signs, favourable to herself or otherwise, she'll tear up at the earliest convenient moment.

***

The Furies of Europe

Germany is really tremendously like our old friends, now so highly respectable, the ex-militant Suffragettes—a fury beyond the sway of reason. No concessions will appease the appetites of all the Germans. If you pleased Hollweg, you wouldn't please the Kaiser, if you pleased H.I.M., you wouldn't Tirpitz, or the Crown Prince, or the Professors, and the dissatisfied ones would set to work to plan out the next war, on lines of greater horror still, and when Germany was ready, they'd begin again.

***

Where to Look for Peace

There is only one power that is really likely to end the war, and that is the soldiers themselves. Among the nations now at war, certain of the armies have had a good deal more fighting than they like. I believe that does not apply to any one of the Quadruple Allies, but I do believe it applies to two at least out of the three of the enemies—Austria-Hungary and Turkey. I believe also, if the truth be known, it applies to the Germans themselves. But the soldiers of Austria and Turkey have probably fought as much for the King of Prussia as they wish to, and sooner or later one of them, or both, will compel the Kaiser to stop fighting. The first peace move will probably come from Constantinople, after a military revolt against Enver and Co., the second from Vienna. That is the direction in which to look for the ultimate beginning of the end.

***

Exasperating!

It is somewhat exasperating to read that Ostend has, after all, had a season of sorts—a German season—and that the principal hotels, bathing-machines, etc., are patronised by German officers and their attachments. To think that, despite our mastery of the seas, the *British* east coast watering places should be deserted as danger-spots, while a watering-place in *German* occupation, on the *German* shore of the same sea, should be safe for German bathers.

***

Why Not?

Driving nails into the statues of German heroes is the latest money-raising device in the Fatherland. Why not imitate it here—making it coffins? Surely at least a million persons would be found to drive nails, at a shilling a time, into receptacles for the corpses of—say—Von Tirpitz, Zeppelin, and the Crown Prince?

***

Regrettable

It is regrettable that nearly every new item that appears concerning the Volunteer Training Corps should be—regrettable. The other day it was the ejection of a "National Guard" from a music-hall. Now it is the acceptance of certain of the V.T.C. for service in France. The V.T.C. are an organisation of civilians kept at home because over-age, encumbered, or in Government employ, who wish to fit themselves for emergency service in *home* defence. What are these gentlemen doing "offering themselves" for service in France? If able to give such service, why are they not in the Army or Territorials anyway?

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

IS HE OR IS HE NOT—

in favour of compulsion? The latest portrait of Lord Kitchener, the Mystery Man of the War, who has only to say a certain word and all will obey.

***

Ridiculous

How much good to the national cause is done by the Press hunt for so-called "peace-cranks"? Why not accept the fact that in Britain, as in every country fighting, there are inevitably a certain number of sentimentalists, "Christians," and so forth who disapprove of war on principle? If their utterances do such endless harm, why in the name of common sense report them? The Union of Democratic Control, "Stop the War" Committee, Fellowship of Reconciliation, etc., etc., need never have been heard of but for their advertisement in the so-called patriotic Press.

***

Absurd!

And here is Mr. Ramsay Macdonald asked to resign from his golf club because of his views on the origin of the war! Such petty persecutions only have the effect of strengthening these individuals by making them regard themselves as martyrs. "Watching"—*i.e.*, wrecking—their meetings has precisely the same effect. It is a free testimonial that their meetings are worth wrecking, and an admission that the views expressed may possibly have something in them, which is, of course, absurd.

(Continued on page 368)

Yorkshire's Roll of Honour

OFFICER CASUALTIES AMONG THE YORKSHIRE REGIMENTS IN GALLIPOLI

LIEUT. O. L. MARTIN
6th York and Lancaster Regt., wounded

2nd LIEUT. M. Y. SIMPSON
6th (Prince of Wales's Own) Yorkshire Regiment, wounded

LIEUT. E. M. WORSLEY
6th (Prince of Wales's Own) Yorkshire Regiment, wounded

LT. N. MATTHEWS, R.A.M.C.
Attached 9th (P. of Wales's Own) (West Yorks Regt.), wounded

2nd LT. L. K. GIFFORD-WOOD
6th (Prince of Wales's Own) Yorkshire Regiment, wounded

2nd LT. C. E. WHITWORTH
6th (Prince of Wales's Own) Yorkshire Regiment, wounded

LIEUT. R. O. GIRLING
9th (Prince of Wales's Own) West Yorkshire Regiment, wounded

CAPT. A. C. T. WHITE
6th (Prince of Wales's Own) Yorkshire Regiment, wounded

MAJOR M. D. WOOD
9th (P. of Wales's Own) West Yorkshire Regiment, wounded

CAPT. R. LUPTON
9th (Prince of Wales's Own) West Yorkshire Regt., killed

CAPT. E. A. T. DUTTON
9th (Prince of Wales's Own) West Yorkshire Regt., wounded

MAJOR M. G. COWPER
6th East Yorkshire Regt., wounded

LIEUT. J. C. BANKS
6th East Yorkshire Regt., wounded

LIEUT. R. A. RAWSTORNE
6th East Yorkshire Regt., missing

CAPTAIN H. L. WILLATS
6th East Yorkshire Regt., wounded

2nd. LIEUT. T. B. COULTAS
6th East Yorkshire Regt., wounded

Of the Regiments which have been fighting in Gallipoli few have suffered heavier losses among their officers than the Yorkshires. The above sixteen photographs are all portraits of officers in one or other of the Yorkshire battalions, and it will be noticed that the percentage of young subalterns wounded is very high

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 366)

"Noblesse Oblige"

To the great bewilderment of those journalists who have talked so intimately of "the Grand Duke" that they might have been up with him at the 'Varsity, the Russian revolutionaries have secured the removal of the Generalissimo. To protect the Tsardom, the Tsar has now taken supreme command, and as a matter of course the result will be satisfactory for the arms of our unfortunate Allies. *Noblesse oblige*. The Kaiser may possibly decide so to arrange his own strategy that Russia now saves herself and that she may be said to owe her salvation to an autocrat. It will never suit the German book to have a unified and a democratised Russia at her back door, and that is what would be the result of overdoing the present invasion. I look confidently to further announcements in the near future of victories by the Tsar.

***

We Give It Up—

We said good-bye to common sense in war controversy long ago, but we did expect to see its diminished head rearing itself somewhere when war finance came under discussion. But no. For instance take this, from a Parliamentary forecast of the Budget in the *Daily Chronicle*: "Mr. McKenna has to find another £80,000,000. The people will be asked to bear their share through new taxes on commodities of universal consumption like tea and sugar. Tobacco and alcohol are eminently fit subjects for war taxation." So far, so good. Now the next paragraph: "Heavy taxation at the present time will act as a moral discipline in compelling the whole nation to practise economy in private expenditure." Meaning that we are all to help to swell the revenue by refraining from purchasing the commodities on which it is hoped to raise it! We give it up.

—Likewise This One

The impressions of home of officers on leave, as recorded from time to time in the newspapers, are invariably interesting, not least so for their amazing inconsistency. For instance, the *Daily Mail* prints on Friday an article in which "STAFF CAPTAIN" has not a single good word to say for his fellow-countrymen, whose prime offence is their failure to appreciate the gravity of the situation. On Sunday another officer on leave tells the *Observer* that the old country is nothing but a Croaker's Club, in which everybody is far *too* conscious of the gravity of the situation. Neither of these officers wants to come back again, No. 1 because we are not miserable enough, No. 2 because we are too miserable. In Heaven's name which is true? Both can't be. And if neither is, why do editors print?

***

Incredible

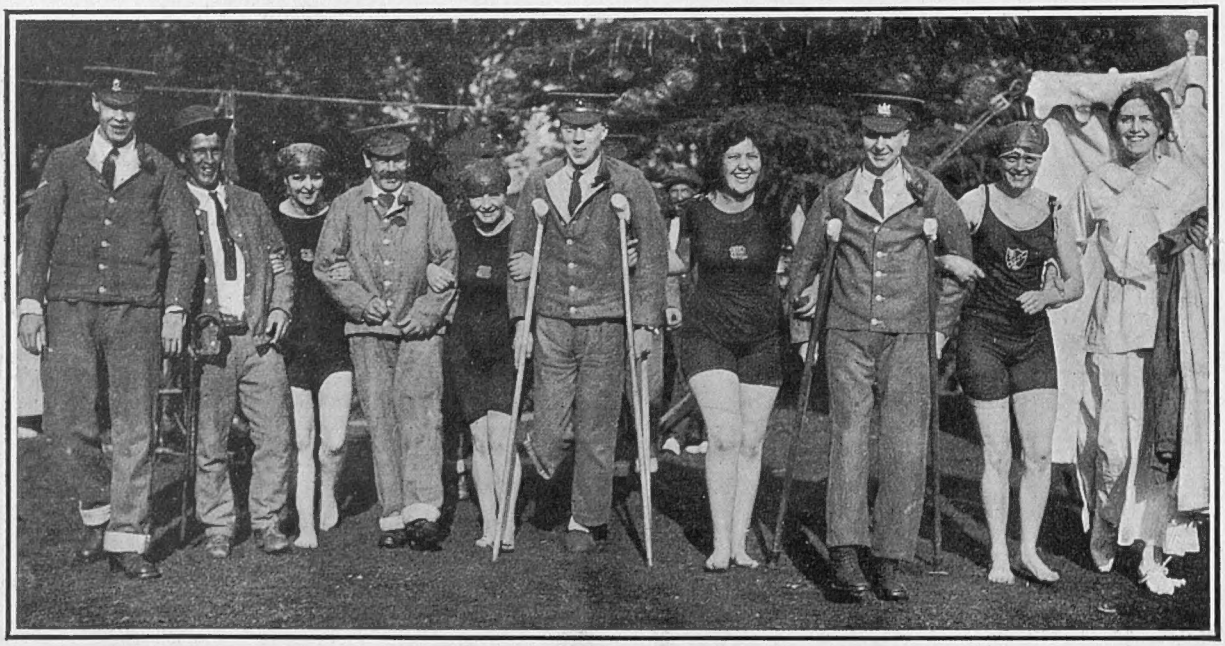
There was one statement in "STAFF CAPTAIN'S" letter which ought neither to have been written or printed, and that is the one in which it was recorded that a "smug young shop assistant bitterly protested to a porter that a 'common soldier' had dared to enter his compartment." We believe that no such person lives or breathes in the United Kingdom as that shop assistant, and that if anybody had uttered such a sentiment he would have been thrown neck and crop out of the carriage. If by possible chance "STAFF CAPTAIN" did encounter him, why did he not perform the needed function himself, instead of writing to the *Daily Mail* to give the wickedly false impression that the "shopman" is typical?

***

Cowardly Anonymity

And why have not these defamers of the nation the courage to sign their names, in order that the nation may at least be able to test their credentials as our judges? "Captain" is, in these days, comprehensive of an infinite variety of human types.

Woman's Work in War-Time!



A SCENE AT THE RIVER FÊTE AT THAMES DITTON ON SATURDAY

We are in constant receipt of photographs which claim to advertise the energetic efforts of our womenfolk to entertain wounded soldiers. The above is a specimen, and is, in our opinion, NOT creditable to the dignity of Arms and the Man, however illustrative it may be of other limbs and the Woman.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

London, *September* 13.

My Dear Cousin—

In England, or rather in London, just now lots of people are racking their brains—none too light a job in some cases—to find some new way of bucking up the rapidly dwindling flow of charity. After all, it's not so surprising—the falling off, I mean. You see, everyone keeps on telling us how poor we are all going to be after the war and how economy of the horridest sort will have to be practised for years and years and years. And it's scaring people into remembering old proverbs about charity beginning at home and all that sort of thing.

* * *

So, although there *are* a few charity matinées and at least two Flag Days—only one's to be a Favour Day for a change, which is a distinction without any difference whatever—the horizon's pretty clear for the present. And one smart woman who's determined never to be beaten in the way of originality has just engaged a well-known advertising expert to think out new schemes for her pet charity.

"We shall miss the khaki knut"

* * *

But, in spite of a certain anxiety among people who have money, the nation at large—all of it that hadn't any to speak of till the war came—isn't worrying much about that poverty bogey. I suppose they can't help thinking about the prophets who told us of the starving women and children that were going to wander about the streets of our great cities as soon as the war began, and contrasting it with what's really happened and the small demands that have been made on the Prince of Wales's Fund.

* * *

Certainly most of the working classes are better off than they've ever been. I hear of gramophone companies who can't possibly catch up with their orders for records till after next Christmas. And cheap fur manufacturers and cheap jewellers and picture palaces are making heaps and heaps of money. I *have* heard, too, of just one woman who has saved money out of her separation allowance—but only one so far.

* * *

But charity will be wanted just the same, only not for quite the people one thought about at first, you know, but the professional classes and widows and spinsters who've been depending on dividends that won't arrive again for some years, anyway, and, of course, all our dear soldier men. Those, I mean, who won't be able to take up the positions that are being kept open for them—*when* they are able—because they've lost their eyesight or limp or have shattered nerves. They'll need help, and commonsense help at that. And putting a City clerk to raise crops and tend poultry with the help of a suburban wife isn't quite my idea of *that*, by the way.

* * *

Talking of shattered nerves, I rather like that story of the man who had lost his power of speech. He took an afternoon "on leave" from the hospital and came back drunk, with a black eye and a splendid flow of language. He'd acquired the first and recovered the second during a fight. Another man, they say, was cured by laughing at a cinema film of "Charlie Chaplin."

* * *

Shattered nerves, though, are really sometimes among the grimmest tragedies of the war. Let a suspicion of what the men call "cold feet" be whispered about an officer and his job's finished. His men lose faith in him, and his superiors know that he will probably run into useless danger to recover his character. More than one man brought back from the front has been "broken" for too much bravery rather than too little.

(*Continued on page 370*)

"When people have nothing else to do in London these days they stroll up to Trafalgar Square"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (continued from page 369)

A man on leave tells me one of the Labour men who was over there the other day taking a look at things—not altogether to the general joy—had *his* nerves rather severely tested. The particular officers who were detailed to show him round were just a little fed-up with civilian visitors. So they decided to do the thing properly. "He wants to see the real thing," they said one to another "Very well, by G——, he shall." And he did.

* * *

They took him right along a real front-line trench, and entered into the sight-seeing business so whole-heartedly—with a sightseer who didn't dare to stop or turn back—that they went a bit further than they meant to. Suddenly the guest cried out, "Good God. Here are a lot of Germans coming for us." It really looked like it, and even the officers began to think they'd got themselves, as well as him, into rather a tight corner.

* * *

They were simply *immensely* relieved when it turned out that the Germans, who were only thirty or forty yards away, hadn't spotted them after all, and had only dashed out to mend some wire entanglements—or b r e a k them up, I forget which.

* * *

The broadsheets that the *Times* is sending out for the men in the trenches to read are an excellent idea, I suppose, but can't you imagine a man getting a little tired when his tenth description of Swiveller's game of cribbage arrives? Sir Walter Raleigh may be right in thinking that the modern Tommy sometimes has "literary tastes"—of the sort that enjoys "snippets from the best authors." But does he bother to keep them up in the trenches? Isn't he too weary and worn out, poor dear, with all the splendid, but often oh! so boresome, work he's been doing, to cope with Bacon's essays or Gray's Elegy or Pope on "The Secret of Happiness," or Tolstoi on a future life—or all of them at once?

* * *

I wonder. But I *have* been told by a lot of the men out there, ones that I know and plenty more that I don't, about what sort of thing they *do* enjoy reading—and I'm afraid it isn't classical at all, not one little bit.

* * *

There will be a completely new set of rich people, you know, when the war is over. I'm told that quite a lot of men who had a reputation for being most awfully smart will have gone under. Some because they'd forgotten how to make money in the stress of spending it, and some just through ill-luck. And people one has never heard of before will be taking houses in Mayfair and laboriously learning the shiboleths of a Society that will bore them to tears. More "Pigs in Clover," as Frank Danby put it.

* * *

For I keep on hearing the most fascinating stories of people—mostly Lancashire—who bought things they guessed the War Office would want as soon as the war started. And when the poor old W.O. had the same idea—much later, of course—the canny Lancashire lads sold at a profit of hundreds per cent. And, of course, there have been much more reputable ways of making fortunes opened up, too. I see myself, in the future, living between the irredeemably broke and the irrepressible booster.

* * *

One of the things one notices about the war is that it's dealt a simply terrific blow to conventionality. There used to be so many things that simply weren't done, and if you did them you hoped you wouldn't get found out. "Picking-up" with people, for instance. Everyone does it everywhere now. More especially if they've happened to work "somewhere in France" for a time. If he's in khaki and you're obviously English that's really quite enough for an introduction over there.

* * *

And even at home nowadays people don't travel from, say, Exeter to Waterloo or Colchester to Liverpool Street in the same carriage and pretend there's no one else in it. We may be frightfully s u s p i c i o u s about our friends and acquaintances, but we're really overflowing with kindness to strangers—especially if they happen to be in khaki or navy blue, and during the Zeppelin season, even worms of civilians are allowed to tell of their creepings and crawlings under bombardment. We're really getting quite near the millennium, aren't we?

"We're really overflowing with kindness to strangers—especially if they happen to be in khaki or navy blue"

* * *

We shall miss the khaki Knut so sternly suppressed by the W.O.'s touching anxiety about little things—"How to Win the War," as the *Morning Post* called it with an unusual effort of humour. No more will gorgeous-hued socks (I can spare those) peep from between carefully turned-up trousers and Oxford shoes, or anything-but-khaki ties and collars give an added touch of *dégagé*-ness to the squashiest of caps. But won't they, though? I haven't noticed any difference yet, and, anyway, something quite new in War Office economy, the turned-up trouser, is to be allowed to die out gradually.

* * *

And how are they going to make sure of its dying at all? I suppose the Provost Marshal or someone will have to stamp them all with the date, so's to be sure there's no dodging of the order on the

(Continued on page 372.)

This Week's Social Portraits

WITH A ROYAL ENGAGEMENT TO BOOT

Photograph *Rita Martin*

THE COUNTESS OF LYTTON

Who is the organiser of a hospital for wounded soldiers at 5, Nottingham Place, which has been open since the beginning of the war

Photograph *Ellen Macnaughton*

LADY NORAH NOEL

Daughter of the Earl and Countess of Gainsborough, who was married on Wednesday last to Captain Robert Bentinck, eldest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Bentinck, of the Colds.ream Guards

Photograph *Vandyk*

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF VENDÔME

Sister of the Queen of the Belgians and President of the War Refugees' Committee, who has received the Civic Cross of the 1st class, 1914-1915

Photograph *Keturah Collings*

A ROYAL BETROTHAL

Princess Marie Louise of Orleans, daughter of the Duchess of Vendôme, and Prince Philip of Bourbon, son of the Count of Caserta, whose engagement has been announced

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 370)

plea of wearing out clothes in stock. The new rules will save a good deal of suffering in one direction, anyway—some of the "Dug-Outs" have been just hovering on the brink of apoplexy for months.

* * *

Talking about clothes, *we* haven't made up our minds yet, by any means. But there wasn't anything very new or startling in the Pinero play—which means that nothing very new or startling has been invented—and perhaps we shall really give up trying to vie with revue ladies, etc., for the period of the war and just "mark time" for a bit. More especially as the drapers and manufacturers tell us that they really don't care about so many changes in the fashion, so you see we won't need to do violence to our feelings just in order to keep *them* going.

* * *

The theatre season is well on the way, even if there isn't any other kind. So many people must, or think they must, be in or near London, and they've got to be amused. It's revue nearly all the time, of course, and nobody seems to feel they have any use for social satire or psychological studies just at the moment—though anything's better than war plays, and one of the best things one of the critics could find to say about Pinero's *Big Drum* was that it hadn't got a single word in it about the war.

* * *

When people have nothing else to do in London these days they stroll up to Trafalgar Square, I gather, to listen to actors and people making recruiting speeches, though, of course, some of the most popular ones can't do it because somehow they manage to look rather too young and fit. Not too frightfully dignified, either, is it—the whole business, I mean? And do we really *need* appeals like one there was the other day from a woman who had lost her baby in the *Lusitania*?

I don't think I'd particularly care to be "K. of K." just now—such a lot of people clamouring for him to take more responsibility on his shoulders than he's got already, you know. "Leave it to K.," says everybody. But all the same they want him to say definitely that he *will* say definitely when he thinks Universal Service is necessary. (If you think this last sentence is involved you ought to read some of the letters from ever such important people on the question.)

* * *

Of course, he doesn't really mind responsibility, though—and he expects other people to take a share, doesn't he? I hear he hasn't changed a bit since the South African War. "Do so-and-so by such-and-such a time," he says. And it's no use saying it can't be done, no matter how sure you are about it, because it's just *got* to be. But the nervous breakdowns of the men who work under him are pretty heavy as a result.

* * *

Some M.P.'s, I hear, are frightfully angry about the suggestion that their salaries should be dropped during the war. Of course, those who really need them would be allowed to apply specially. But unluckily there's room for such a lot of difference of opinion about needs. And I'm quite sure several M.P.'s will miss their £100 a quarter although they *do* pay income tax on a good many other sources of supply. And the Savoy and the Ritz would miss them too!

* * *

Some people were rather surprised, by the way, when the Speaker said he thought M.P.'s ought not to be paid, and they even went so far as to suggest that he might do without part of *his* £5,000 a year.

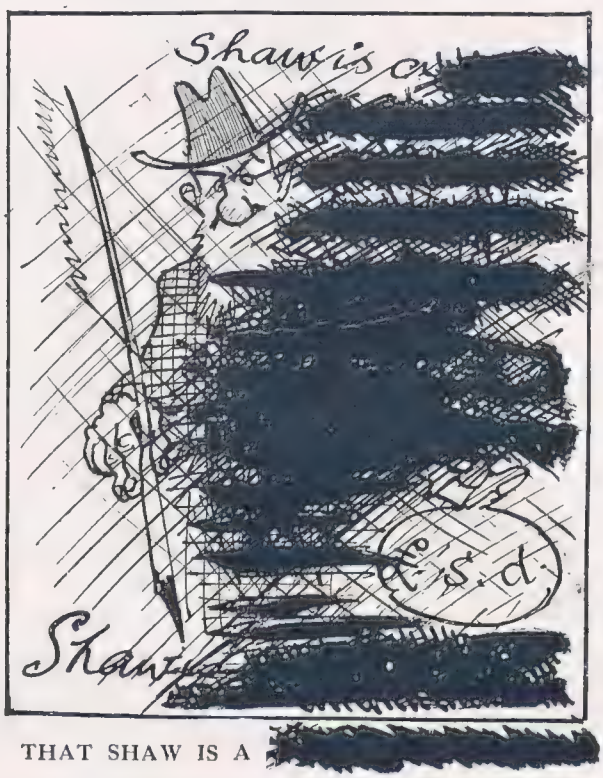
With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Shaw's Opinion of Tommy

THAT THE SOLDIER IS A SLAVE

Tommy's Opinion of Shaw



THAT SHAW IS A [redacted]

(Unfortunately this opinion has been heavily censored)

In Egypt—Now

TERRITORIALS IN THEIR HOURS OF EASE

WELL-EARNED LEISURE

A group of Territorials outside a café in Alexandria enjoying a little light but invigorating refreshment provided by their officers

A BOOM IN THE SHOE-BLACK TRADE

Dusty Alexandria brings profit to the shoe-blacks. The presence of legions of our soldiers in their midst gives their notorious zeal in the blacking of European boots the chance of a lifetime

The Pro-Kulturists

BY "DOWNWRITER"

"Two civilisations are opposed to one another in a death grapple. One or the other side will conquer absolutely. If we are to conquer, we must make up our minds to put every available fighting man in the field, perhaps 5,000,000. . . ."

I EXTRACT this from the latter part of an ably-written article advocating Conscription in a leading monthly review. The whole of the preceding matter has the object of indicting one of these civilisations—the poor thing that is our own. The writer discovers Britain, after twelve months of war, to have, among others, the following attributes:

Traditional casualness.
Insular want of imagination.
Belief in the fetish of money.
Sense of false security.
Total lack of appreciation of enemy's strength and skill.
Utter lack of understanding of requirements of modern warfare.
Neglect to organise our industries.
Muzzled Press.
Government that jogs along.
Rampant ignorance.
Fatuous self-complacency.

Now if this is really England; if, after twelve months of war, our own "civilisation" is clearly a very dismal failure, why is the writer, Mr. Austin Harrison, so anxious to preserve it against that of the Germans, which is clearly a very brilliant success? Why does he worry at all about our poor casual, imaginative, insular, money-grubbing, stupid, ignorant, fatuously self-complacent selves? If, according to his judgment, the war between the two civilisations has proved Civilisation Number 1 to be the clear superior all along the line to Civilisation Number 2, why not accept the logic of facts, and give the palm where it is deserved? Why kick against the pricks? What Mr. Austin Harrison, and those who think with him, ought to do is no longer to worry about the unworthy creatures who have the misfortune to be their fellow-countrymen, but simply to *acknowledge* the German claim to possess a higher "kultur," and to invite them, as owners of the copyright, to "run" the article over here.

If British civilisation has proved so ghastly a failure when tested by such an emergency as the present, if all is chaos, and confusion, and stupidity, why sacrifice the whole bones of a Peckham Methusilier in preserving it? Clearly it is a thing that is worthy only of death and damnation. If to beat the German civilisation it is necessary for us to imitate it in all its wondrous detail, surely that is *not* to defeat it at all, but to admit its victory. By doing all the tremendous things that Mr. Harrison wants, with that new conscript army, that "nation under orders," etc., etc., we are superseding so-called British civilisation, which has been based throughout history on the worn-out principle of individual liberty and voluntary State service, and establishing here German—or Prussian—civilisation, which is based on compulsory State servitude. In what essential respect does Mr. Harrison foresee that the victorious England which would come into being as a result of the adoption of National Service would differ from the victorious Germany of this present moment? Mr. Harrison clearly enough, from his writings, does not believe German "kultur" to be inferior to our own. For English systems he rarely loses an opportunity of expressing unmitigated contempt.

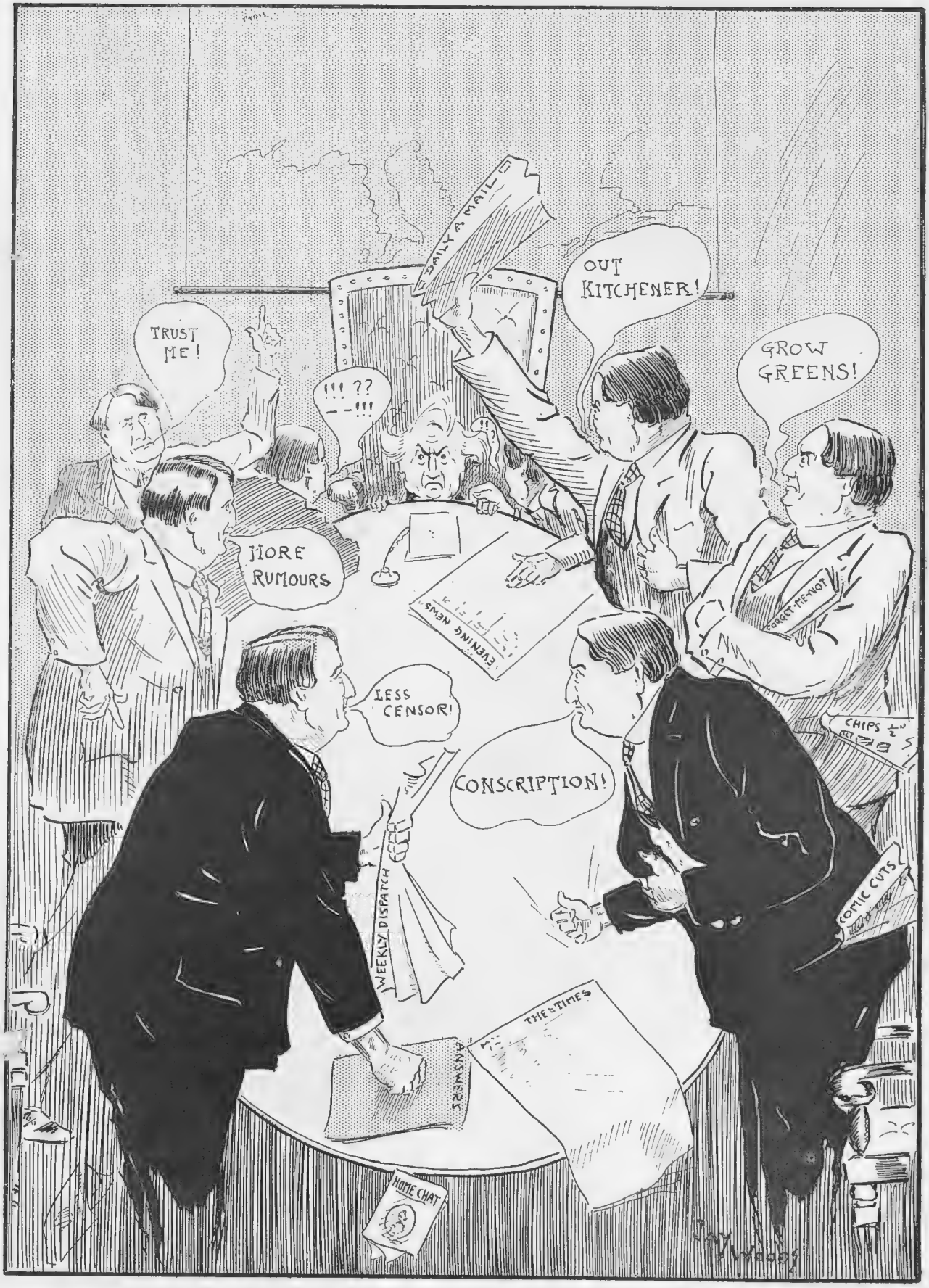
These gentlemen who are so anxious that our civilisation should "beat" the Germans are lying in their hearts. They neither understand nor believe in British institutions, and are merely using "the Germans" as a super-dodge whereby they can smash those institutions for ever. Under the guise of "conquering Germany" they are Germanising Britain. For their own country and countrymen their every word and every gesture is of contempt. They have no word of praise in any of their lucubrations for the things that all the world knows our "civilisation" *has* accomplished. They do not see, in their blind Teutonism, that England has falsified, under her "casual," "stupid," "fatuous" system, every prophecy her scaremongers made as to her fate by land and sea, and that the very fact that Englishmen as they write *are* self-complacent is the clearest proof of its strength ever offered by a nation to the world.

It proves that the defensive scheme of much-abused "lawyers" and "philosophers" has served in its primary object, the safeguarding of the Homeland and the Empire, and also in its secondary aim, that is, to give limited aid to our neighbours of France. And it has attempted, with hopes of success, a tertiary plan of which no Englishman ever dreamed in his wildest moments—the striking of a mortal blow at the heart of the Turkish Empire. Many people have doubts whether this attempt, successful or not, was worth the sacrifice. One cannot yet speak on that point. But that we have been able to land a quarter of a million men in Gallipoli or thereabouts demonstrates one thing up to the eyes, and that is that there is no shortage of soldiers in the British Empire, and that the much-abused voluntary system has not proved any failure at all, but an astounding, epoch-making success.

If the results actually achieved are not what they should be, blame not the young men of England, but the old women. The street in which you should seek your scapegoat is the street called Whitehall. Hang your culprits if you can prove their strategy, their organisation, to be at fault, but keep your foul mouths from abuse of your fellow-countrymen as a whole, and from libels on the civilisation for which they, without your aid, Sir Scribe, are fighting. Leave them alone, and if your belief in the "civilisation" of the enemy is what you clearly reveal it to be, *go to him*. Take the Iron Cross, and a pot of Munich beer, and cry "Hoch der Kaiser" in the language which would have been yours but for a stupid, casual, ignorant blunder on the part of the incompetent Fatality that fatuously made you an Englishman.

DOWNWRITER

A Carmelite Cabinet



The latest suggestion of "The Times" is that the Cabinet should consist of nine members including the Prime Minister. This is what we may expect if Carmelite House takes a hand in the selection of the other eight

The Indelible Stain

"German sailors are gallant men, and gallant men do not like being put on to a coward's job."—Mr Balfour

The Ghosts of Submarine Officers (to Admiral von Tirpitz): "Our lives we gave; but you have taken our honour, too!"

"Somewhere in Flanders"

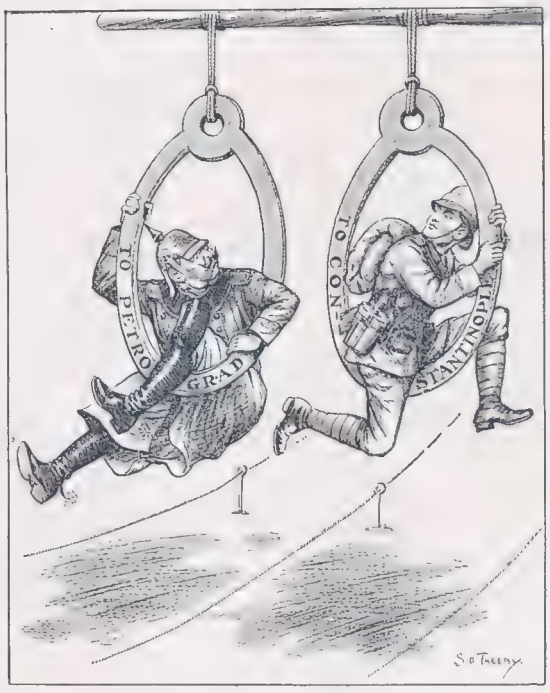
BY A BYSTANDER ON ACTIVE SERVICE

My Dear Bystander—

As everybody knows, it is the admirable virtue of domestic economy which characterises the French nation, and has made France what she is. It is as natural for the peasant and the housewife to put by money as it is for the Crown Prince to collect other people's art treasures; and when war broke out Government and newspaper exhortations to the public to practise thrift and self-denial were considered superfluous. The French people, indeed, are practising thrift as they have never practised it before, though I don't suppose they resort to such extreme precautionary measures as they are said to do in Germany, where, somebody told me (though I don't believe it) that a small boy is now only given a banana by his doting parents on condition that he swears by the beard of Von Tirpitz and everything sacred to eat the skin as well as the fruit!

* * *

It is quite a revelation the amount of wealth which a peasant family will often hoard together, and on more than one occasion French and Belgian soldiers poking among the ruins of bombarded villages and farms in search of small portable articles of furniture wherewith to embellish the Spartan severity of their *abri* have stumbled upon rolls of notes representing hundreds of pounds emerging shyly from the bowels of a cottage piano or the recesses of a horsehair sofa, the owners either dead or having fled, too terror-stricken to think of earthly dross.



THE OBSTACLE RACE

* * *

I wonder if any other farmer in Europe can cram as much into a square foot of ground as can the French *cultivateur*; and he not only plants his crops in every available square inch of land, but succeeds in rearing smiling grain, yielding anything from sixty to a hundredfold in an area where most people would have thought there wasn't room to bury a dead canary. His great regret in life is that his house hasn't been built with a flat roof. Here, where in happier times there might have bloomed a tennis-court, is now a bed of blushing radishes, red with shame to note that the young marrows on their right are daily putting on flesh with a rapidity that renders their own puny efforts cruelly conspicuous by contrast. Over there, in the restricted area devoted in normal years to such vanities as tulips and gerania, may now be observed nourishing produce in the nature of leeks, French beans, artichokes and cucumbers struggling to maturity in neighbourly proximity. It does one's heart good to see them.

* * *

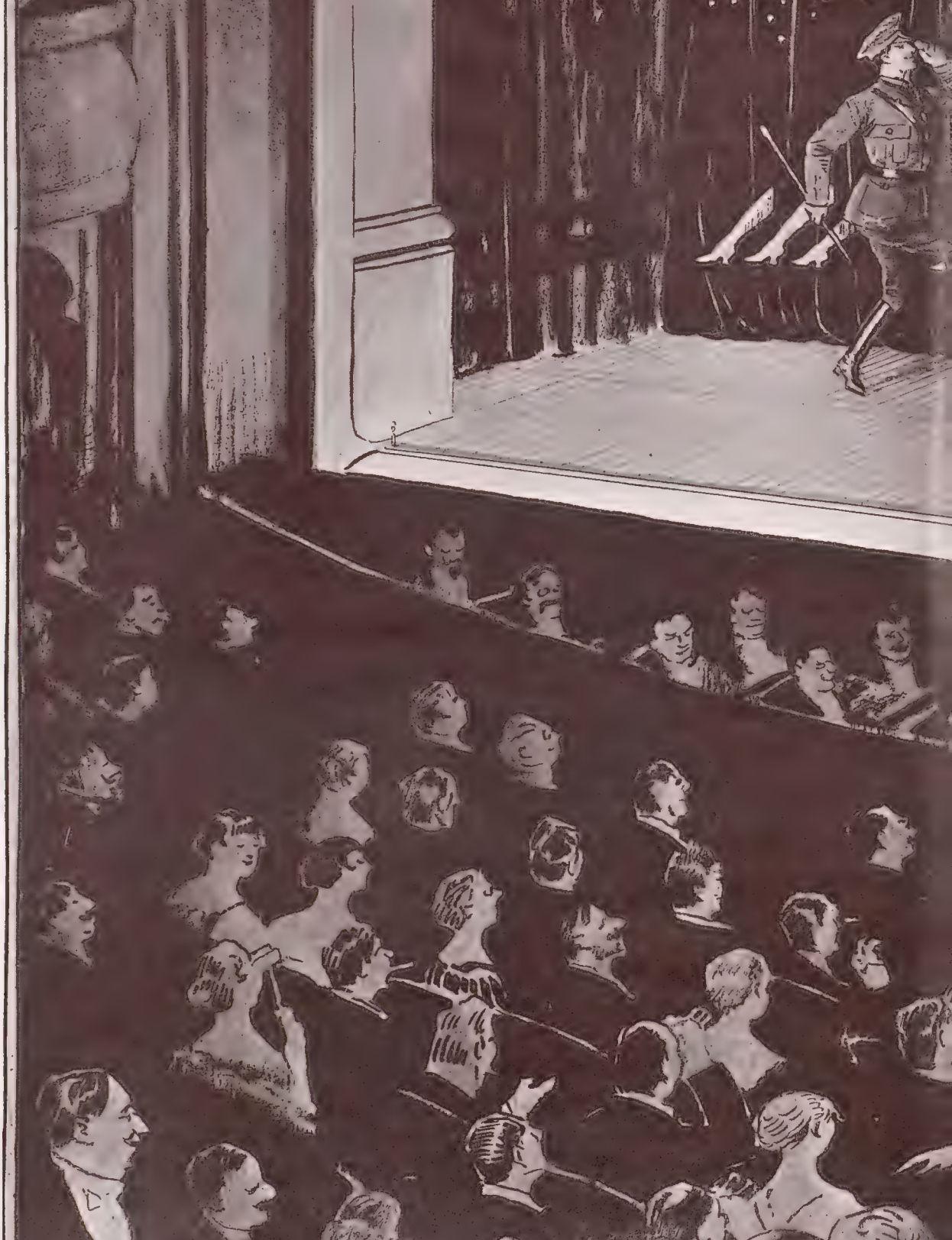
As may be imagined the farmer is largely dependent upon the efforts of his female relations and employees to garner the harvest and cope with the live-stock—you may see women and girls hoeing and tilling the fields in every part of France — and farmers with whom I have conversed inform me that they do the work exceedingly well, though I was assured by one old man (a little bitterly) that he always finds it a job to get a girl who knows how to skin a sheep as he would himself if it wasn't for the rheumatics ("*Ah! ce sacré rhumatisme*").

The adaptability of the housewife is splendid. It is good to see (as I did once) a mother bathing her child in the pond in the back garden which owed its existence to a 12-inch shell and ten subsequent hours of heavy rain.

* * *

Another sign of the times is the automatic rejuvenation of trembling old age. It was once the prerogative of human beings who had arrived at a state of senile decay and mental decomposition to crouch all day in the best armchair and gaze with rheumy eyes into the glowing embers of the fire and relate personal recollections of deceased emperors to unbelieving grandchildren. *Autres temps, autres mœurs!* Doddering ancients of either sex have (as it were) returned with all haste to their muttons, and you may see them side by side with small boys and girls hoeing the fields (three scrapes to the minute), reaping the grain with a sickle that might have been built for Little Tich (a peculiarly back-breaking job), and performing similar agricultural obligations with surprising resolution and perseverance. And when you see a toothless crone resting in a chair you may be sure that her mind is

(Continued on page 380)

The Education

THE WA

of the Masses

REVUE

BY DOUGLAS MACKENZIE

"SOMEWHERE IN FLANDERS" (concluded from page 377)

intent upon evolving a system of using up potato-peelings or devising some practical domestic purpose to which overcrowded fly-papers may be put. She is not loafing.

* * *

On those rare occasions of a few hours of post-prandial leisure, it is pleasant to motor out into country unravaged by shot and shell and feed the soul awhile on pastoral beauty. The only drawback to the indulgence of these rural tastes is the cold and hostile suspicion with which you are regarded by the simple rustics. Every man, woman and child in sight will make no secret of speculating on your designs, until overcome by this maelstrom of mistrust and doubt, you begin to wonder to yourself if you really aren't a spy.

* * *

The extreme economy displayed by the women of the working classes is the more commendable in that many of them possess more money at the present time than they do when their husbands are in work. The Government allows a married woman 1 fr. 25 a day, plus 50 centimes for every child under fifteen years of age, and many women have never been so well off before in their lives! And every sou of it they can spare they hoard or send to their husbands at the Front. The women are perfectly splendid.

* * *

It is not the peasant class but the *bourgeoisie* which feels the pinch of war. Imagine the feelings of a man who was earning a thousand a year when every Wednesday morning he is handed threepence-halfpenny to squander on cigarettes and beer! In a Staff Office I know of there is a French Professor of Liverpool University whose intellectual task it is to wield a dustpan and broom every morning at the crack of dawn, and when the cloud of dust has subsided to sit down and with his head on one side copy out laborious garrison orders in simulated lithographic characters. Doing the work of a seventeen-year-old clerk in the same office is a well-known *avocat*, who was earning something like £1,500 a year, and whose "practice" has automatically shut down with the donning of the *képi* and *culotte*, though (on the strict q.t., of course) he still receives a few of his local clients in the office when circumstances permit.

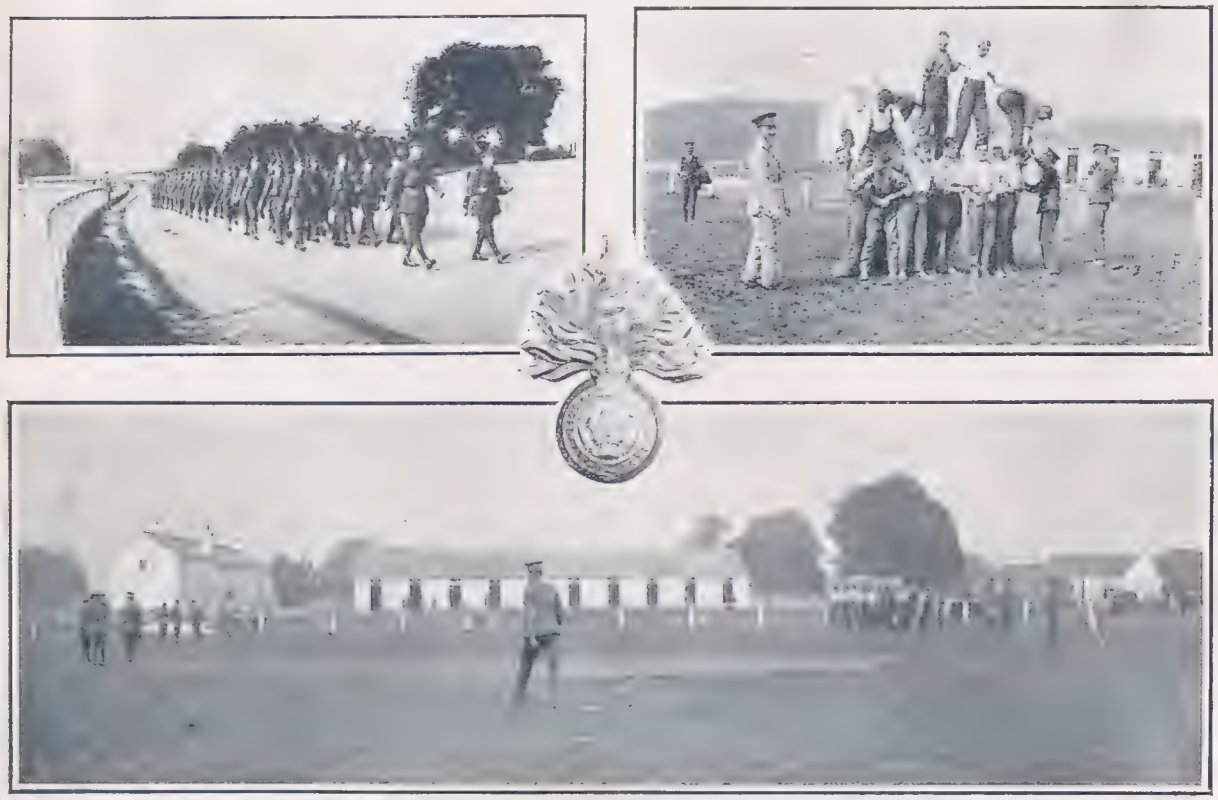
* * *

And chancing one day to interrupt him, I learnt that not even warfare can curb the inherent desire in man to "have the law on" his offending fellow citizens. It was a strange story he told me.

* * *

It seems that in a small neighbouring village which has lately come within range of the enemy's long-distance guns, there resides a very stout civilian (doubtless other stout civilians reside there too, but this is the one that matters). Happening one day to find himself in the street at the time of an unexpected bombardment he promptly dived down the steps of the nearest cellar. It was a narrow passage, and half-way down he got securely wedged. He could neither go forward nor shunt backward. Nothing could shift him. At 9 a.m. the shelling ceased, and the family in the cellar wanted to come out. It was no good. At 12 noon the fat man was still there. So was the family in the cellar. At 2 p.m. the soldiers were ordered to break the wall down, and at 2.35 the human obstruction was removed in a comatose condition. The owners of the house now want advice as to whether they can sue the stout civilian at the conclusion of the war.

Yours ever, JACK JOHNSON.



ON EPSOM DOWNS: A BATTALION IN THE MAKING

The Second London Regiment (Royal Fusiliers) is fortunate in having its training quarters on Epsom Downs, one of the healthiest places in the whole country. Fine battalions have already been reared on this spot, and two of these are doing good service abroad, while the third is now full, and has been transferred to the East Coast. The fourth battalion is well under way at Epsom, but has still some vacancies for eligible men. There are no fees, and the recruit is well fed, clothed and paid, and has all the advantages of the delightful neighbourhood

"No Possible Doubt Whatever"

SENTRY: "'Alt! Who goes there?"
HE OF THE BUNDLE: "You shut yer —— mouth, or I'll —— come and knock yer —— head off"
SENTRY: "Pass, friend!"

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Blood of Bonaparte

ON THE SIDE OF THE ALLIES AGAINST PRUSSIAN NAPOLEONISM

Photographs

PRINCE LOUIS BONAPARTE

Who is a Lieut.-General in the Russian Army and Colonel-in-Chief of the Empress Marie of Russia's Own Dragoons. He is the brother of Prince Napoleon (usually known as Prince Victor Napoleon) who resides at Farnborough

Central News

PRINCE HUMBERT OF ITALY (Count of Salemi)

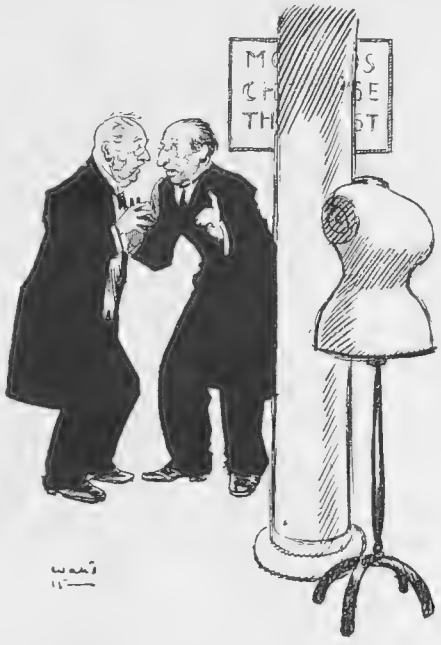
Who is now at the Italian Front. He is the only son of the Duchess Laetetia of Aosta (née Bonaparte) and the late Prince Amédée, Duke of Aosta. His likeness to the Great Emperor is very marked

Speeding Down: The Inefficiency Age

BY HILL ROWAN. ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WATTS

THIS is the golden age of inefficiency. The country is being managed by the girl, the invalid, and the elderly gentleman; for the young, the healthy, and the efficient have gone to the front. It is the survival of the unfittest—and it has its own peculiar charm.

You used to be served when shopping by a tall gentleman with a cast-iron profile, a correct frock-coat, and a sharp, close-clipped accent, who was a "Datas" in his memory of the exact position of every collar or pair of gloves in the establishment. I say served; I mean, he looked down on you from behind the counter and mesmerised you into buying something — whatever brought them in the most profit.



"The floor-walker sidles into a corner to consult the departmental manager"

Inefficiency in the Shops

Now it is a deaf old man or a nervous girl, who starts when you tell her what you want, and runs behind a pillar to consult with an assistant, who refers it confidentially to the floor-walker, who blushes and sidles into a corner to find out from the departmental manager. If you are a regular customer you probably take the poor creatures under your protection in the end and show them the right drawer to open and fix the price yourself. The girl gives you the wrong change, and as for asking you "what is the next article?" why she is only too anxious to get you out of the shop without buying anything more, so as to let her nerves cool down a little.

There is no uncomfortable "efficiency" here, no "science of salesmanship," no mind-training or anything of that sort. The tall, cool gentleman is in a trench at the front, scratching himself.

"There is no uncomfortable 'science of salesmanship' or anything of that sort. The tall, cool gentleman is in a trench at the front, scratching himself"

The Need for Stupidity

Do you think the change is very much for the worse? I don't. There is one great drawback to efficiency—it makes people superior. But we don't want to be served by superiors; we want to be served by inferiors. If I were a business adviser—supposing such a thing possible—I should recommend the proprietor of a great Store to have his establishment round the corner in a back street, with a tumble-down entrance and an untidy shop window, while the assistants would be, without exception, frowsy people, partially deaf or deformed.

General stupidity would be the qualification. Customers would go out of that shop feeling considerably cleverer than when they went in, instead of looking as though they had just been worsted in a prize-fight. Besides, they would have an idea that they had bought things cheap, because there had been no expensive appearances to pay for.

"His appearance is loose and amateurish"

"Frightfulness" of the Shopman

And look at the economy of it! I used to go into a shop to order a hat-band or a pair of gloves, and after a single glance from the shop assistant buy enough clothes to fit me out for a Continental tour. It simply drove one to use the telephone—and it takes a good deal to do that in this country.

Look at its immense effect on the sociable life of England! We have gone back to the Middle Ages, when the shop-keeper was a personal friend of the customer. I spent three-quarters of an hour the other day buying a nail-brush, but what of that? While

(Continued on page 354)

SPEEDING DOWN (concluded from page 383)

the invalid behind the counter was rummaging in every department of the shop to find it, and broke two bottles of soda-water, a little crowd of customers collected at my side, formed a sort of social club, made jokes about the shop, exchanged family reminiscences of the last twenty years, and I chummed up with an old gentleman who knew my uncle, asked me to dinner, and, for all I know, from the friendship which has ripened between us, may die some day and leave me money.

Inefficiency has opened up a new and delightful world. I had grown tired of efficiency. The Germans are efficient—that is one reason why they are so detestable. No doubt I take a little longer than usual to buy a nail-brush, but what of that? I only buy a nail-brush a few times in my life, and buying it has been a pleasure instead of an ordeal. My nervous system has benefited enormously. I venture to say that neurasthenia is on the decline.

At the Stations

It must be immensely so at railway stations. An old lady entering a station in the bad old days of 1914 instantly fell into a limp, hypnotic state, mesmerised by the banging of doors, the shrieking of whistles, the yelling of porters, the maze of platforms. She was bullied by booking clerks and hustled by ticket-collectors, who were amazed and pained at her failure to grasp in a moment every minute detail of a complicated railway system, the work of years of calculation by experts.

"She was bullied by booking-clerks and hustled by ticket-collectors"

All this has gone. That complicated mechanism—the railway station—has become a comfortable, amateurish, happy-go-lucky lounge. That hired bully, the ticket-collector, has been replaced by a timid child of about seventeen, a complete stranger to the locality, who lives in terror of directing people to a train for the north of Scotland who only want to go to Oxford Circus, and on the slightest provocation runs across to another platform to ask the advice of a second lady.

Survival of the Unfittest

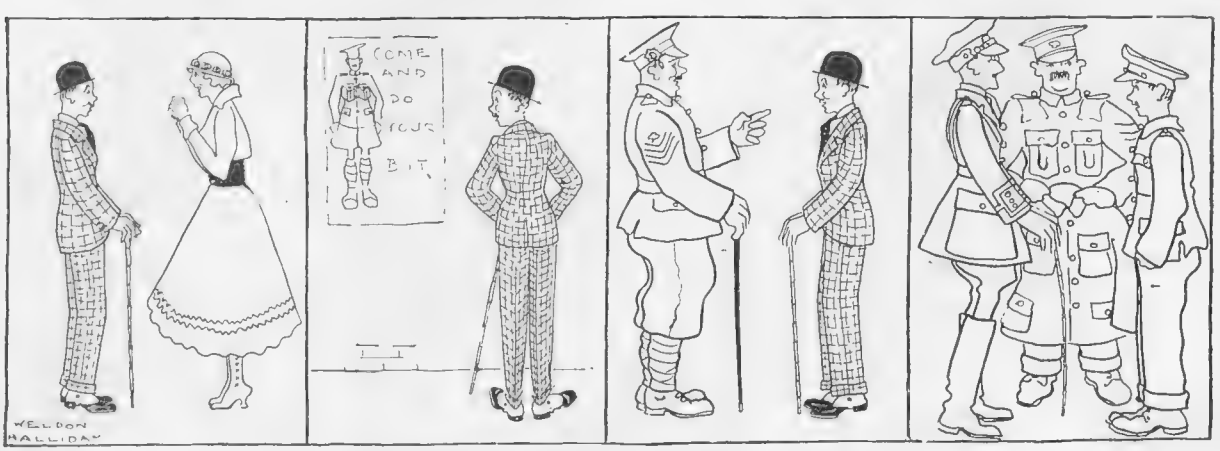
The professional baggage-smasher has disappeared, and the man in his place is about four-foot-two, and has every evidence of having a feeble constitution. Only for the look of the thing I should never dream of allowing him to carry anything heavier than a hat-box. I find out my own train in the time-table—there is nothing he knows less about than trains. But what a genial, amusing chap he is! If I do get to the wrong platform and miss the express, he beguiles the tedious half-hour I have to wait with a wealth of anecdote gathered during a chequered life of sixty-five years.

The policeman has been simply transformed. He is no longer the representative of absolutism and brutal militarism. His appearance is loose and amateurish; he looks as though he were shy of being seen about in a uniform and wanted to get quietly home to his relations. You don't fidget when you pass him, but nod familiarly to put him at his ease, and observe that it is looking up for rain, or some such remark indicative of friendly feeling.

The Reign of Civility

Even postmen themselves have been infected with this universal politeness. They have thrown class distinctions to the winds; you feel that a postman is a man like yourself, with a wife and family in the usual way. He comes down to your level with the grace of the benevolent despot who knows his power but is too merciful to use it.

Business and official life has become suddenly humanised. I should not be surprised any day to meet a civil and sympathetic income-tax collector. The days are gone when a chauffeur was a tyrant, a telephone girl a virago, and a butler a blackmailer. We have discovered that inefficiency has its charm—the charm of the sleepy, picturesque old village as compared with the efficient, up-to-date, concrete-and-iron, cold-blooded garden suburb. HILL ROWAN



A WAR TRAGEDY IN FOUR SCENES

I
HIS GIRL: "Oh! Freddy, you'd look simply ripping in uniform"

II
HIMSELF: "I really think it would suit me"

III
THE RECRUITING SERGEANT: "You'd look fine in uniform, sir"

IV
THE OFFICER: "That will do, sergeant, it's quite a good fit"

The Things They Say

IRATE RIDING MASTER: "Hi! where the blazes are you going to?"
RECRUIT (whose horse has bolted through the open doorway): "Blowed if I know—but the—'orse's—'ome's—in—Canada!"

"And did the shell burst?"
"No, mum, it crawled up be'ind me w'en I wasn't looking—an' just bit me like, in the leg!"

Hermann the Sniper

A TALE FROM THE FRONT

THE subaltern commanding this section of the trench sat in a hunched position in the narrow corridor of earth topped with sandbags. His knees drawn up to serve as a support for the writing-pad, he wrote quickly between long pauses during which he bit the end of his pencil and stared reflectively at the brown clay wall some two feet in front of his nose. At his side a man stood, bent and motionless, peering into the lower end of a long box, very narrow in proportion to its length, which he held against the side of the trench so that the other end just rose above the wall of sandbags. Further view down the trench in that direction was barred by the traverse—the thick dividing-wall of earth that would localise the effect of a shell-burst or a bomb. All was quiet. The subaltern might have imagined that only he and the look-out at his side remained buried in this flat landscape, where once two armies had flung fire and noise and steel at one another, hidden from the sight of those who should have come to tell him that the war was over and the armies had stolen away. He did not so imagine. Ever-present to his mind was the parallel line of sandbags, some fifty yards away, between him and which stretched a tangle of wire overgrown with rank grasses and tufts of corn. That parallel line was the great permanent fact in his existence. He knew it in its every aspect better than he had ever previously known anything on this earth. Not a spot on that apparently deserted wall might change without his being interested to the quick. Even as he wrote, the feeling and the knowledge of it were ever concrete in his brain, constraining him to this cramped attitude.

Since October this wall of his had fronted the other wall, and now it was June. For nine long months, through snow and rain and sunshine, from the long drear nights to the long pitiless days, these two walls had remained the same, sheltering the same lurking enmities though the individuals who temporarily incarnated them came and went. Sometimes ablaze with stabs of darting flame, erupting bombs lobbed with a deceptive innocent slowness through the air, belching a mass of men who ran and stumbled and fell in an infinite variety of ways—men who shouted and who screamed so that their voices pierced the appalling uproar; sometimes stretching blank across the fields in a deathly stillness as to-day; their position had never altered. The quagmire between them, criss-crossed with barbed wire, had grown up into a waste of grass and nodding poppies that nearly hid what looked like bundles of weather-stained old clothes, whence came a sickening all-pervading smell. Behind each wall hundreds of men had died or been carried away, maimed and broken, a life-long burden for some human heart. Not a sandbag of those piled to make the parapet which sheltered the subaltern but might have had a man's name written on it *in memoriam* a life suddenly extinguished. The necrology of the opposing parapet would have been as full.

In the hush which brooded over so much death, past and to come—a pause, it would seem, where the overhanging invisible demon of war reflected on its work—a mood of questioning, of revolt, came over the subaltern as he scribbled his pencilled lines.

"On a quiet evening like this one cannot help moralising a little," he wrote, "wondering what it's all for and what we purchase with our death. This constant murdering of individuals on both sides who commit the crime of inadvertently showing an inch of head—how does this help matters?" The sharp crack of a rifle somewhere along the trench caused the officer to raise his head, listening with all his faculties at strain. The look-out at his side did not stir, no report followed the first, and he bent himself again to his letter. "I don't want to appear squeamish, fine-stomached in this rough game, but I don't think I shall ever be able to kill cold-bloodedly. I have been unfitted by long centuries of culture——."

He was interrupted by the appearance of another officer who squirmed himself round the traverse with a very pronounced stoop, necessitated by his uncommon tallness. The fair-moustached, boyish face of the newcomer was radiant with glee.

"I say, Lennard!" he said, impetuously. "Ripping luck! We've just bagged Fritz! You heard the shot just now? Folwell, my sergeant, got him. Been waiting for him for over an hour, without moving a muscle. Topping chap, Folwell—all he said was 'Married life don't seem to 'ave spoilt my aim, sir.' You remember he asked for leave to get married?"

Lennard abandoned his letter and lit a cigarette.

"I wonder whether Fritz was married," he said, with a little malicious smile, the ideas recently in possession of him firing a final shot in a faint rear-guard action with the returning every-day occupants. "Well, that's one more nuisance abated."

"Rather!" said the other, seating himself and likewise lighting a cigarette. "Fritz must have bagged not less than a dozen of our chaps," he calculated, gazing reflectively at the thin spiral of tobacco smoke which ascended straight in the still evening air. "Well, he's gone, thank the Lord! and we got Hans yesterday and Karl the day before—I must have a pot at old Hermann. If we could bag him we might hope for a quiet life."

Lennard nodded. Each one of the German snipers—if sufficiently lucky to carry on his profession for a day or two—acquired an individuality and a name. Hermann was an especially dangerous neighbour who lurked somewhere in a ruined cottage that lay between the lines where they bent away slightly from each other. He rarely fired except to kill, and hid himself so well that not one of the numerous patrols sent out had succeeded in discovering his lair.

The two subalterns chatted awhile over their cigarettes, while the red gold of the western sky faded

(All rights strictly reserved)
(Continued on page 388)

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

into rose. They talked of the little incidents of mess and trench, magnified by their isolation from the main stream of life, and then, harking back, of the things that once had been so important to them in London Town and were now so dwindled and remote. A year ago Lennard was a critic who was read, and Wilson, the tall subaltern, a painter whose first success was hanging on the line. Both were, or had been, highly polished products of what we called, proudly, civilisation. As they talked the old scenes came back to them, obliterating the present. At last Wilson rose, responsive to a subtle inner sense of time measured, independent of his consciousness.

"Well, so long, old thing," he said, standing up and straightening his tall form, fatigued with so much bending. The momentary forgetfulness was fatal. On the instant a rifle cracked and the lanky subaltern collapsed as though his knees had been knocked from under him.

"My God!" said Lennard, limb-paralysed by this brutally tragic reassertion of his environment. Trembling, his heart seeming to stop and swell within him, he bent down to his friend. He touched mere clothed flesh, heavy and inert, on which the flies had already settled. They buzzed away, indignantly asserting their right of pasture. A madness of anger at this wanton annihilation of a life that was not just a dull living but an irradiation of the spirit, connoting civilisation, highly conscious, swept over him. He burst into a torrent of incoherent wrathful curses.

"That was 'Ermann, sir," said the observer at the periscope. "I spotted the flash—in among them bricks."

Lennard rose, fiercely vengeful.

"Let me look. Where did you see the flash?"

"Three o'clock from that bit of greenstuff in the middle, sir," replied the man, ceding his place at the periscope. "You'll see a dark spot—that's 'is loop-'ole."

Lennard gazed down into the mirror of the instrument. There was just light enough for him to pick up the spot indicated.

"Very good." He strode, with bent back, down the trench muttering to himself.

It was at night when, rifle in hand, he swung himself nimbly over the parapet. For some minutes he lay flat on the ground at the other side, not moving an inch. Over his head the crack, crack of rifles and the loud, rapid hammer-taps of the Maxims recommenced their fusillade against the heaps of bricks. From the first shade of dusk he had arranged that a constant enfilading fire be kept up on the sniper's lurking-place. He had no intention of letting Hermann slip away—yet.

He raised his head slightly, fixed his bearings in the gloom, and then, still prone, began to nip a way through the wire entanglement. A German flare went up, dazzling with a ghastly light too brilliant for distinct vision. He lay motionless. As it descended and fizzled out upon the ground he had a clear view of his course. He was aiming at a point in front of the German wire, whence he could enfilade the gap between the heap of bricks of the hostile parapet. Over his head the hard sharp cracks of his own men's fire followed one another continuously. They would not cease for nearly fifteen minutes yet. Meanwhile Hermann would be lying close. He cut and wrenched furiously at the wire and wriggled forward, grimly disdainful of the barbs that plucked and tore his clothes.

Again and again a soaring German flare stopped his progress. Clearly this incessant fusillade was making the enemy nervous. At each illumination he lay as if he were one of the bundles of old clothes that occasionally he pushed against ———. The British parapet darted with fire—awaking sympathetic cracklings somewhere to the right.

At last. He settled himself in a comfortable firing position, couched in the long damp grass. An insect, unaware in its littleness of the large death that whistled above its world, quitted a pendant blade and explored his cheek.

Crack—crack—crack! the last British rifles ceased. There was an instant's stillness, and then yet another flare shot up from the suspicious German trench. It fell, sizzled—illuminating the ruins that he watched with all his faculties focussed, all his nerves coming to a point on his trigger finger—and then the world plunged into blackness. There was silence and impenetrable darkness.

Minute after minute dragged slowly past in a dead hush. Finger on trigger, every fibre tense, the prone figure waited. A primeval self awoke in him—a savage who stalked and could indefinitely maintain his ambush. His sense were as keen as though hyperstimulated by some strange drug. A grim, patient lust to kill reigned in him.

The minutes passed, slowly, slowly. He looked to one of them, not yet arrived, as to a term. When? He felt it approaching, concentrated to a still acuter degree his attention. The trigger seemed to be pressing against his finger. What was that? Surely

(Concluded on page 392)

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

MISS MADELINE SEYMOUR

This charming and clever young actress will appear in the new musical comedy, "The Only Girl," which is to be produced at the Apollo Theatre towards the end of this month

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

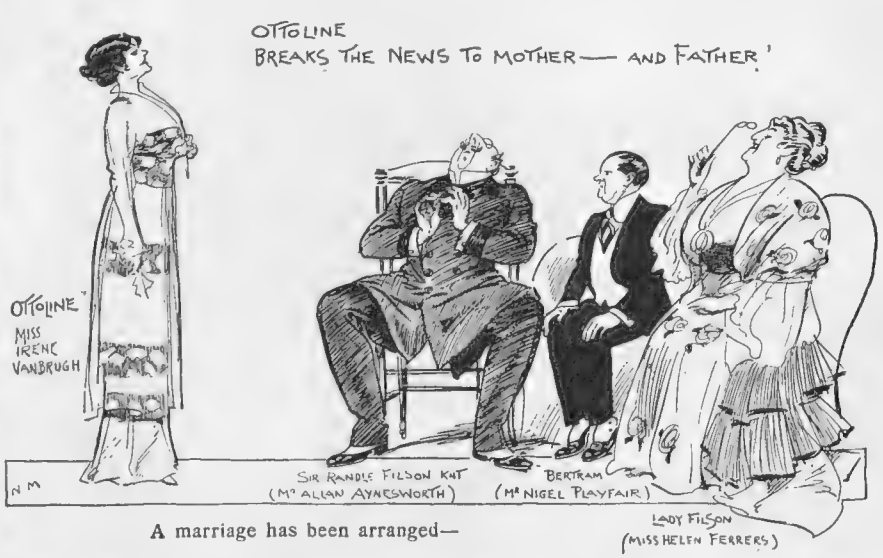
"The Big Drum" at the St. James's

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is a play by Sir Arthur Pinero. It is a severe castigation of the small people who spend their time in getting their names in the papers so that they may pose before the mob as the great ones of the earth. By a strange coincidence, a day or so after this play had been produced I saw a letter in the Press from Sir Arthur Pinero himself, on a topic connected with military matters of the moment—on which he is, doubtless, a recognised authority. But—shade of Vincent Crummles! How *do* these things get into the papers? Since the opening night, too, the ending to this play, which was rather unhappy as I saw it, has been altered to a conventionally happy one. The public did not, apparently, approve of the inconclusive finish, and even Sir Arthur Pinero, it would seem, is not above taking a hint from the people as to what high Art really is.

The hero and heroine of this play once resided in Paris, and the heroine has an amusing habit of dropping into French occasionally to prove her cosmopolitan sympathies

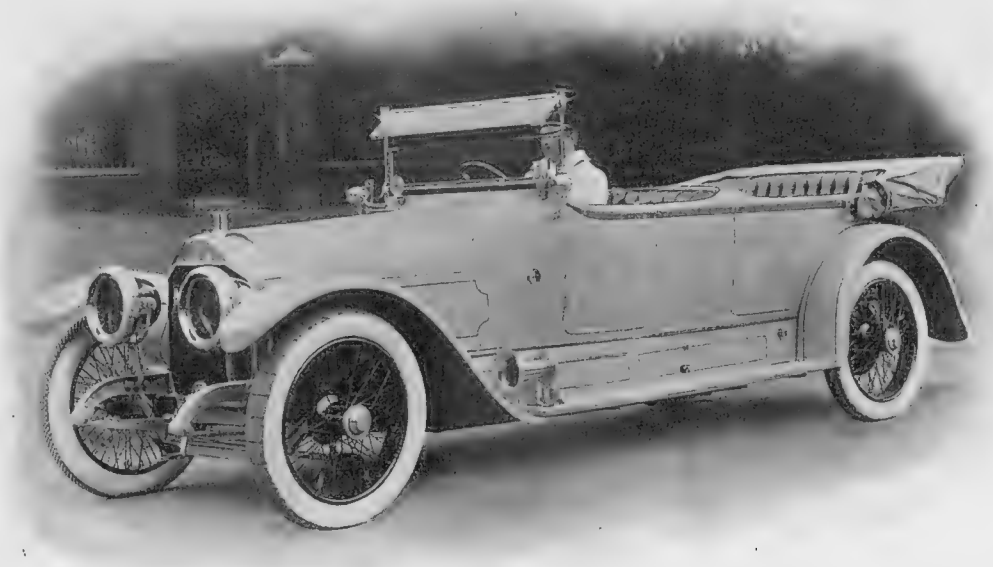
The idea of the play seems to have been to contrast sharply two types of men: one a modest man of genius, who very properly scorns all artful aids to fame; and the other, a mere time-server, who sells and resells his soul many times a day on the mere chance of being mentioned in the papers as the distinguished person he is not. So far so good, as has been very justly remarked. Sir Arthur's trouble is that he has not succeeded in painting for us a convincing type of the "mute, inglorious Milton." Mackworth, the hero of the story, is a novelist moving in a circle of people who have become well-known by the process of constant "booming." But Mackworth very properly desires to let his work plead for him. He will have none of the tricks of the "boomster." It has been my privilege to know one or two men of this kind in real life. But they were men whose greatness of character was obvious. Their conversation sparkled with epigram and wit, and their work revealed to the competent observer a singular efficiency in the craft that they adorned. Sir Arthur's hero has not been happily invented. Mackworth seems a vain, shallow creature, and as far as I remember his conversation, it never rises above the level of that of a suburban tea-party. He is represented to us, however, as being an able man, who could, if he had chosen to stoop to cheap methods of advertising, have become a famous author. Myself, I think not. As far as I could judge Mackworth's character, he was just one of those amiable mediocrities we all meet in life: men who are full to bursting of the great social success that might have been theirs if they had only adopted the low and coarse methods of Smith or Brown.



A marriage has been arranged—

(Continued on page 390)

NAPIER



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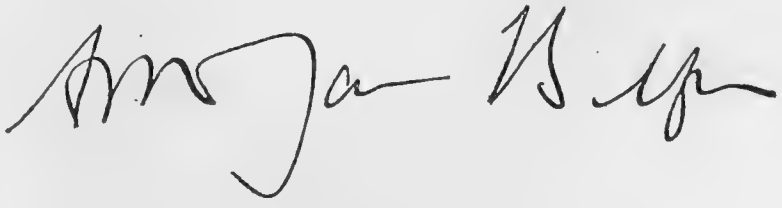

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LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded from page 388)

A STRING OF LITTLE IMPROBABILITIES

When Sir Arthur Pinero deals with struggling authors he practically delivers himself into our hands. Most dramatic critics are, or have been, struggling authors; and what they don't know about struggling is probably not worth knowing. Now we are told in June that Mackworth has a small private income of two hundred pounds a year. In November we find him living in Chambers in Gray's Inn, and not only keeping a man-servant but apparently employing a first class cook as well. It simply can't be done for the money. It is true that between June and November Mackworth's new book had sold to the extent of twenty-four thousand copies; but, as an unknown author, his royalties could hardly have exceeded a few hundred pounds at the outside; and he must have been as rash as he was insipid if he risked starting an expensive bachelor establishment upon the increased income of a very exceptional year. And not only that.

On the strength of the success of his book Mackworth became engaged to a young lady named Ottoline de Chaumié. (It is not her fault, poor dear, that her name sounds more like a ladies' toilet table preparation than anything else.) Considering that Ottoline's father is a rich, self-made man who knows perfectly well how many beans make five when you have three on the table and two up your sleeve, I marvel that we should be asked to assume that he was dazzled by Mackworth's new income, which probably represented his own household expenses for about a month.

This strange story bristles with little improbabilities of the kind. After Mackworth has come out with a splash on the strength of his new income, the sad truth comes out. Ottoline was only to be allowed to marry Mackworth provided his new book proved a tremendous success. In order that there should be no doubt about the large sales, Ottoline starts a small agency, and stocks it with copies of Mackworth's masterpiece, for which she has presumably paid cash to the publisher. I believe the trade price of a six-shilling novel is four shillings; so that Ottoline's stock would have cost her just four thousand eight hundred pounds. Well, women have done more than that for love of a man, and as Ottoline seems to have had more money than brains, she may well have squandered most readily what she had most of. When Mackworth hears of the amiable little plot, however, he grows quite pathetically eloquent. He is confident that his publisher could never have known that the sales of the book were not genuine, and the impression I received is that the company present were prepared to admit that all the blame lay with the fair Ottoline. I should not, however, like to be asked to give that publisher a clean bill of moral health myself.

HOW DO THESE THINGS GET INTO THE PAPERS?

Lord Byron charged publishers with having for their patron saint a certain Barabbas who, according to the canon, was by way of being a robber. Be this as it may, no one has yet had the temerity to charge publishers with being fools. And when a publisher is building up his sales account with orders to the tune of tens of thousands from a house unknown to the trade, while the best-known houses are dealing with it charily in dozens, he must at least suspect some irregularity in the proceedings—that is, if he is even remotely qualified for his job. The one gem of the piece is a study by Mr. Leonard Boyne of a rejected lover. It is only a small part, but in Mr. Boyne's hands it becomes something like a masterpiece. Sir George Alexander plays the rather hollow part of Mackworth with his usual ease and grace; and a triumph of caricature, even if a little exaggerated, is presented by Mr. Allan Aynesworth as the egregious Sir Randle Filson, a man who depends upon newspaper advertisement for his social advancement. JINGLE

Born 1820—
Still going strong.

INSPECTOR: "We should like to christen it after you."

JOHNNIE WALKER: "How's that?"

INSPECTOR: "Why, because it cannot be improved."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (*concluded from page 387*)

something was moving there in the gloom—by the ruin. Why did not the flare he had ordered go up? His whole soul went out in a desperate prayer for it as he held his breath and strove with baffled eyes against the darkness.

Suddenly the craved-for light shot up. Perception and trigger-pressure were instantaneous with the flash of its discharge. A running, stooping figure pitched headforemost before the stab of flame from the rifle.

Immediately, a vicious fire from the German parapet answered this impertinence. The slayer lay still as death, listening with painfully acute perception to the ugly *phat* of bullets in the earth around him. A bomb fell, bursting with a deafening report, and the blinding flash of flame was so close that he marvelled at his escape. By an effort of will be choked down the cough that the fumes provoked.

Rifle-fire at night is infectious. A sporadic and probably harmless duel spluttered up and down the trenches. At last a gun, way back somewhere, sent over a shell, and, as though obedient to this protest from their big brother, the rifles were silenced, one by one. The opposing trenches again lay in darkness and quiet.

The subaltern, assuring himself that all was still, wriggled forward to the body of his victim, and lay full-length beside it. Quickly he ran through the dead man's pockets, and stuffed a bundle of papers into his own. Then, a rifle in each hand, he crawled back to his own parapet, climbed over, and lay down. In an instant he was sound asleep.

It was bright morning when he awoke. High up a lark was pouring out its cheerful song. He sat up, rubbed his eyes, saw the two rifles, and remembered with a smile. Close by him a man was heating some coffee in a mess-tin over a methylated flame. He asked for some, and drank it with a pleasant physical sense of his body that was still alive and could drink. It warmed him. Then he remembered the papers he had taken from the unlucky Hermann. Sipping at the coffee, he read a letter that was among them.

"Dearest wife and sweetheart," it ran. "I don't altogether like the hatred of these Englishmen that your letter expresses. They only do their duty as we do ours, and they fight well. Would all this killing were over and we were friends again! It is in a sacred cause, I know—we could not let our culture be stifled—but the sacrifices are heavy. I sometimes wonder whether the old days will ever return, and I shall once more write songs for you to sing in London and Paris. I can faintly hear a nightingale somewhere—or is it you? . . . I must close now as I am just ordered off to a dangerous post, and the dawn will soon be breaking.—All the love of—KARL."

Lennard, moved by a sudden curiosity, looked at the superscription of the envelope, ready addressed. Evidently the sniper had put it in his pocket and forgotten to give it to his comrades before setting out. The name was familiar. He coupled it, Karl ——. His victim was a writer of songs that his wife loved to sing and he to hear. He sat for a moment gazing thoughtfully at the letter, yet without definite thought. Then, with a sigh, he rose.

Instantly a bullet smacked against the sandbags, missing his head by a couple of inches.

"Bad shot, that," he murmured as he ducked. "Lucky thing I bagged old Hermann!"

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

No. 9113, "C" Company,
2nd Batt. Middlesex Regt.,
26th July, 1915.

Sirs,

After recovering from wounds in England I was ordered back to the Front. I was given a stick of your "Erasmic" Shaving Soap by a friend of mine, and I little thought then that it would be the means of saving my life.

On March 10th my Regiment was one that took part in the Battle of Neuve Chapelle. Before the charge we were told to relieve ourselves of all unnecessary weight, and removing my pack I placed the stick of "Erasmic" Shaving Soap and a razor in my left breast pocket. Whilst taking part in the charge I felt something hit my pocket. When we gained the German trenches and I had a few minutes to spare, I remembered getting hit whilst advancing, and, on looking in my pocket I found my razor broken to pieces and the bullet was lodged in the "Erasmic" Shaving Stick, which, no doubt, saved my life.

Yours very faithfully,

J. FLETCHER.

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Horns	We are devils
Face	Always smiling
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A Zeppelin Guide to London

BY A GERMAN HERR PROFESSOR

AN interesting "London Hand-Guide for Air-ship Skippers" has appeared in Berlin. K. K. Professor Commerzienrat Schwindel-Schrecklich observes in his foreword that now German waiters in Great Britain have been generally interned, and those who came back to the Fatherland have been destroyed by the enemies' shells or by the accidental escape of their own poison-gas, it has been found necessary to proceed by the sure, if more cumbrous, methods of scientific research. The Professor, therefore, has collected the best maps and directories of London, and laid down infallible measures for bringing about the destruction of this arrogant capital.

It might be thought, he observes, that the best way to affright the sloth-corrupted inhabitants of the capital was to bring low their public buildings. A momentary eye-glance at their national character is sufficient, however, to convince that the assault should be directed against their food-and-drink means (*Mittel*). The maps show in the interior of London a vast space called Lincoln's Inn Fields, green meadows in which, no doubt, innumerable beeves and muttons, destined for the food of the million, feed at present peacefully. Bombs should be directed on this quarter, and if hotels of the nobility which are in the neighbourhood (the Inns of Court) should incidentally suffer, so much the better. Attached to one of the Inns is a promenade provided with benches for royal repose, where the British monarchs have been accustomed to take the air, and where, no doubt, King George V. and his consort seek occasional recreation. This Royal *rendezvous* (the King's bench-walk) should also be sedulously bombarded.

The financial resources of the Britischers are even more important. Frequent references are found in English literature and history to the tallies of the Exchequer. From internal evidence it may safely be presumed that they are stored in Tallis Street, E.C., where, incidentally, are situated the offices of the head-*geswollene* staff of THE BYSTANDER, in such sort that a well-directed bomb would, in all probability, make an end at once not only of British financial credit, but also of the principal literary opponent of the natural and Gott-destined expansion of Germany.

The locality is favourably (*gunstig*) situated near the Thames. A profound study of English records reveals that the water of the London river is inflammable, and that it is not difficult to generate sufficient heat in it to produce combustion. The chief aim of the German aviator should therefore be, by appropriate missiles, to set the Thames on fire. The remainder of the learned Professor's invaluable observations must be reserved for later publication. Our abstract of them (doubtless owing to recent happenings) has not yet passed the Censor. I. D.

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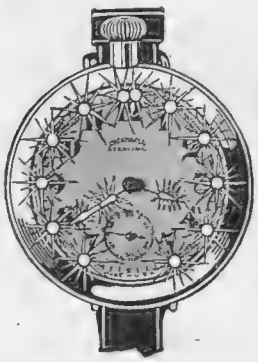

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Motoring—By Cycle

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Apologetically

OPEN confession. For quite a number of months I have given the motor-cycle no adequate sort of a show. That is so notwithstanding that I can plead not guilty to the charge of culpable negligence. Space is such a diminutive thing and steadfastly refuses to grow. Also, these be stirring times; and though I write never so tabloidally, not half the subjects available can hope to see black print.

***

Great Growth

Nevertheless, motor-cycling continues to flourish exceedingly. I don't know how it manages to do so with so little assistance from me; but there it is! (Happy afterthought: Perhaps my little assistances are of greater value even than I thought—but that's not possible!). Anyway, the growth has been phenomenal—greater even than the growth of car-motoring; and hardly less notable has been the development of the machine *per se*. Seven or eight years ago my motor-cycling was all done upon a single-cylindered single-geared Triumph. That was regarded as the motor-cycle's best expression. Certainly the Triumph was the most popular—and, in its latest model, still maintains a great popularity. But my present comparison is with another motor-cycle—a machine with which I have just recently become more intimately acquainted—the Harley-Davidson to wit.

***

The Harley-Davidson

Now here's a great machine entirely, carrying power and equipment such as a few years ago we should never have dreamed of finding slung in the frame of a bicycle. An 11 h.p. (84.1 by 88.9) twin-cylindered engine developing 16 h.p. at 3,000 revs., is something of a stupendous proposition to start with. You wonder why all that power until you begin to experience the economic utility of it in conjunction with a substantial side-car attachment. On that power you can go anywhere and do nigh anything permissible on the road, while hauling all you can pack into side-car and on pillion. If you don't want all this, there are sundry and divers other models down to a single four-horse; but this big fellow, "the silent grey fellow," as they call it, is the machine of fascination for me. If I do not go "aisy" I shall be risking an overdraft and taking possession.

***

Mechanical Minutiæ

The detail of the thing is a mechanical joy. It has that polished neatness and sturdy delicacy which get a glint into the engineer's eye. For an adequate simile you must go to the precision tools of the Mint. The whole mechanism is set in the frame so compactly, that a man may sit astride with his feet hardly wider apart than if he pedalled an engineless bicycle. The power is transmitted through a multiple disc dry plate clutch, a three-speed sliding gear (operated by a lever conveniently situated), and a chain-drive. There is mechanically operated lubrication, with a sight-feed, the magneto is waterproof, and the exhaust valve springs are enclosed in oil-tight sleeves. The gear-shift has an interlocking mechanism, which makes it impossible to move the gears (and possibly strip them) until the clutch is released. The suspension is fine, the saddle springing being remarkably effective in its shock-absorbing qualities. The starter, that most important factor in the success of a motor-cycle, particularly a high-powered heavy machine, is another Harley-Davidson achievement. They call it the step-starter, and it is of the most reliable, certain, and safe. A forward stroke of either pedal starts the engine, while the back-fire possibility is entirely eliminated. Lastly, and most notably, there is, in two of the models, an electric lighting installation (a magneto generator acting through a storage battery for lighting purposes), built into the machine as an integral part of it.

THE MODERN MOTOR CYCLE

A high-powered Harley-Davidson combination referred to at length on this page. In the saddle is Mr. Victor S. Welsford, the General Manager of the Harley-Davidson Company, to whom not a little of the phenomenal business success of this "marque" of machine is due

***

A General Conclusion

That, I fear, is all I may stay for now; but it will indicate within a little the stage of development attained by the high-grade motor-cycle of to-day—a stage, having regard to the conditions and the limited packing space for the disposition of the power plant and the machinery of transmission, even higher, perhaps, than in the case of the car. This Harley-Davidson machine (address, 59, Newman Street, London, W.) has come into dominion with giant strides. I don't wonder at it.

***

In Re Second-hand Purchases

A wink for the wise. In the second-hand deal put not your faith in any amateur knowledge you may possess, nor, unless confirmed, even in your expert knowledge. In the first case consult the independent expert always; and in the second take his view invariably and judge your own by it. There is much second-hand car business toward, and it's a risky game at best. Don't forget to test the tyres and see they are in the condition and of the make specified. You can always tell a Dunlop by its name, trade-mark, and description, and you cannot easily miss a tyre of any other make.

C.A.V. ELECTRIC STARTERS.—Effective—Powerful—a simple pressure of the pedal and the engine starts under its own power. Catalogue and full particulars post free.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

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HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ld., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

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ILLUSTRATED

No. 615.—Vol. XLVII. Wednesday, September 15, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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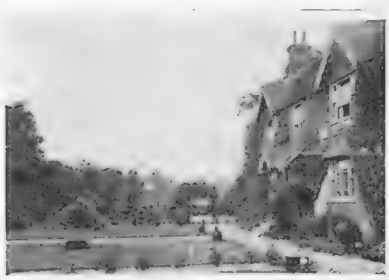
SURREY (lovely rural country, 45 minutes from London).—A beautiful old-fashioned modernised RESIDENCE, with gas, Co.'s water, main drainage, telephone; lounge hall, 3 handsome reception, full-sized billiard, 2 bath, 16 bed and dressing rooms; stabling, extensive garage; farmery, 2 cottages; charming pleasure grounds and

47 ACRES OF HEAVILY-TIMBERED PARK-LANDS.



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OAK BEAMS, CHIMNEY CORNERS, AND OTHER DISTINCTIVE FEATURES.

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HIP BELT, as sketch, especially woven to shape, made of best quality tricot, with two pairs of suspenders,

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serve equally for Indoors or the Garden. Hughes, Bolckow make them with the distinctive plain finish which only perfect wood and workmanship permit.

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In Antique Mahogany, quartered panels and carved mouldings, comprising Sideboard, Oval Dining Table, 4 Small Chairs and 2 Elbow Chairs.

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ELIZABETHAN ARRAS, 2/11½ per yd., 50ins. wide
VELVETS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE from 3/3½ per yd., 50ins. wide.
CRETONNES, PRINTED LINENS AND TAFFETAS, from 5¾d. per yd.
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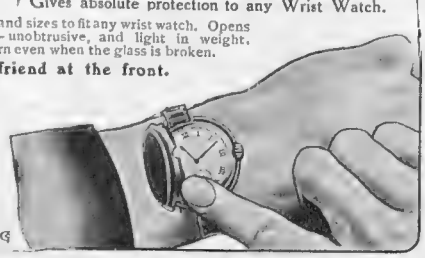

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IN WET WEATHER, the perfect weatherproof
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This versatility of service is achieved by a simple plan, which turns one into three coats, each of which can be worn separately.

1. **A Weatherproof for rain and storm.**
2. **A soft Short-Warm for camp life or leave.**
3. **A thick, impenetrable double-fronted Short-Warm for excessively severe weather.**

These different garments may be thus analysed—

1. Gabardine Combine, *i.e.*, Gabardine outside, wool inside—both proofed.

2. Camel-Fleece Short-Warm.

3. Gabardine Combine plus Camel-Fleece Coat, the latter being used as a lining.

THE TRENCH-WARM supplies in fact three distinct kinds of coat. The complete equipment (No. 3) provides an exceedingly hard-wearing, health-maintaining-double-fronted overcoat

A coat that will withstand hours of steady rain.

A coat in which neither heat, cold, or hard wear deteriorates proofness.

A coat to keep out cold wind, yet never overheat the body.

A coat in which chills, the bane of artificially-ventilated mackintoshes, are avoided.

A distinguished coat, and at the same time a veritable shield for a soldier on duty.

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Any rain that a new mackintosh or oil-skin will keep out, The TRENCH-WARM BURBERRY will keep out; yet The TRENCH-WARM being self-ventilating, is always healthful and comfortable to wear.

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Including several fine Old English gentlemen's wardrobes, fitted sliding trays and drawers, from £3 15s.; several fine bow-front and other chests of drawers, from 37s. 6d.; old Queen Anne and other tallboy chests, from 6gs.; well-made solid oak bedroom suites, complete, £3 17s. 6d.; solid oak bedsteads to match; handsome china toilet services, from 3s. 6d.; large bedroom and other carpets, from 7s. 6d.; well-made solid bedroom suites, complete, at 5gs.; massive black and brass-mounted bedsteads, full-size, complete with spring mattresses, at 25s.; very handsome design white enamel bedroom suites, at £5 17s. 6d.; four well-made large solid oak bedroom suites, at £6 15s.; four very artistic Sheraton-design inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, at £7 15s.; three artistic large bedroom suites, at £9 17s. 6d.; six very choice inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, 13gs.; elaborate all-brass Sheraton-style bedsteads, with superior spring mattresses, complete, 45s.; choice Chippendale design bedroom suites, 12gs.; Chippendale-design bedsteads to match; Queen Anne-design solid mahogany bedroom suites, £14 14s.; all-brass full-size bedsteads, at £3 17s. 6d.; other bedroom suites in real silver ash and choicely painted satinwood; also French bedroom suites in gilt and cream lacquer, up to 175gs.

DINING AND BILLIARD ROOMS.

Fine tone upright piano, £7 15s.; a magnificent instrument by Philip Dudley, £12 15s.; and an exceptionally fine small grand piano, £25, equal to new. Several sets of complete old English table glass, from £4 15s.; four oak American roll-top desks, at £3 17s. 6d. Several fine quality real Indian and Turkey carpets, all sizes, from £4 17s. 6d.; real Turkey rugs at 17s. 6d.; elegant Queen Anne-design sideboard, fitted drawers, cupboards, etc., £7 15s.; set of eight Queen Anne-design dining-room chairs, comprising two large carving chairs and six smaller ditto, £8 15s.; oval extending Queen Anne-design dining-table, £4 10s.; Queen Anne-design mantel-mirror to match, 42s; eighteen luxurious Chesterfield settees, £2 15s.; luxurious lounge easy chairs to match, at £1 10s.; magnificent chiming and grandfather clocks; finely made mahogany inlaid sideboard of Sheraton design with rail back, £6 15s.; mahogany inlaid overmantel, 30s.; extending dining-table of Sheraton design, £3 17s. 6d.; twelve very fine small chairs, Sheraton-design mahogany inlaid, at 18s. 6d.; two armchairs to match, at 30s.; also a quantity of very finely carved brown oak furniture.

Magnificent Full-size BILLIARD TABLE by Stevenson, £45; smaller size Billiard Dining Table by Burgess, 15gs.

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The very elegant Drawing-room Furniture in styles of Louis XIV. and Louis Seize comprising carved and gilt settees, cabinets, tables, mirrors, etc. white enamelled and richly carved furniture, also painted satinwood, and marqueterie inlaid. The following will suffice to give an idea of the absurdly low prices to be accepted

Elaborately carved and gilt Louis Seize design Suite of seven pieces, including settee, 12gs. complete; the satinwood decorated china cabinet, 4ft. 6in. wide, £14 14s.; satinwood decorated centre table, £2 10s.; satinwood decorated overmantel, £3 10s.; costly satinwood decorated suite, covered with choice brocade Gobelin blue silk, £16 16s.

Also BED and TABLE LINEN, carpets of all makes and sizes, quite unsoiled.

SILVER and SHEFFIELD PLATE, etc., etc.

A Magnificent 20 H.P. MINERVA MOTOR CAR, with saloon Limousine Body, as new, £200, cost £1,200.

Also a 1914 "MITCHELL" TOURING CAR, nearly new, £135. Great Bargain.

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Grand Prix, Diploma of Honour and

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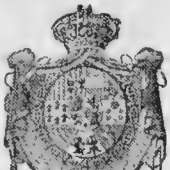

to H.M. the King of Spain.

Grand Prix Gold Medals.

International Exhibition, Rome, 1912

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L. LEWIS, Manager.

My name is Carolina Cheruto and I am as big as this.

What will Mr. McKenna

(Chancellor of the Exchequer)

do to me?

To-day five of me cost only 1/6.

To-morrow that 1/6 may be double.

It all depends upon the Chancellor and his new Budget.

He wants a lot of money. And to get it, some people say he will double the duty on Havana cigars.

If he does, then because I am CAROLINA CHERUTO, from HAVANA, my price will be double.

Many people say I really am worth double my price, but -- why wait, when you can lay in a stock of me to-day -- at the 5-for-1/6 price (100 for 27/6).

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5 for 1/6 27/6 per 100.

Sold by all Tobacconists.

Should smokers find any difficulty in obtaining Carolina CHERUTO, please write for name of nearest dealer to:—

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Books of the Week

TWO AMERICAN NOVELS

The American Prison

The Jacket (Mills and Boon: 6s.) by Jack London, seems to have pleased some people and annoyed others. It is a florid sort of story with interpolated passages, which, while some will wish to skip, others will enjoy more than the main narrative. An American professor is sent to one of those fearful American prisons—and frequently strapped into the "jacket," which is the modern American form of torturing. There is some question of hidden dynamite in the prison, it seems, and the professor is wrongfully accused of knowing about it. A fellow convict tells him how to "die" in his jacket, when he will feel no pain but undergo various re-incarnations. So we have the interpolated histories. In the end the professor is hanged. Mr. London revels in his professor's tortures, and seems to grow more boisterous with every new book. This is not his best; but prison-life, however exaggerated, has a peculiar interest of its own, and *The Jacket* is well worth reading.

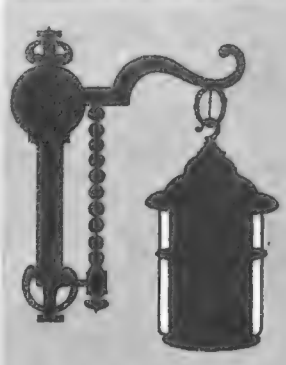
Photograph *Bassano*

LILIAN ARNOLD

Editor of the "Ladies' Field" and author of a new novel, "The Enchanting Distance" (John Long: 6s.), which was published recently

A Good American Novel

Mr. Booth Tarkington's *Turmoil* (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.) should be a success. It is, of course, very American, but none the less suited to the tastes of this country. Old Man Sheridan, you may say, is of a type that has been written to death, but he lives for all that. His two elder sons, Roscoe and Jim, help him in one of those colossal businesses peculiar to America. Bibbs, the third son, is, however, a poor wretched creature who wants to write poetry. Roscoe and Jim fail the old man. Roscoe's wife causes him to take to drink; Jim is killed, when engaged to the poor aristocrat, Mary Vertrees. And then Bibbs, most lovable of heroes, steps into the breach. This is not easy for the poor fellow, but step in he does and obtains his reward. Mr. Tarkington's work is good, and this new novel of his runs with a swing. It enables you to understand, somewhat like Dreiser's *The Titan*, just what constructive business means in America. R. S.



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DRAKE AND GORHAM, LTD.

Are you aware of the large Reduction in First Cost of Electric Light Installation by our LATEST System?

If not send for particulars to—

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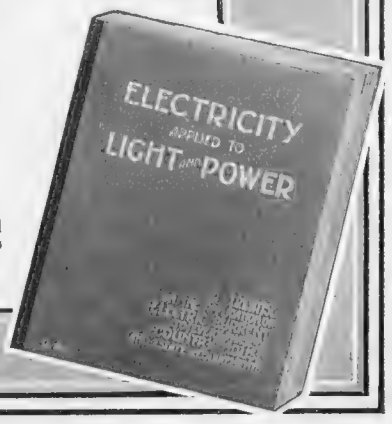
50B, Wellington Street, GLASGOW.

Copy of this Illustrated Catalogue sent Free on application.



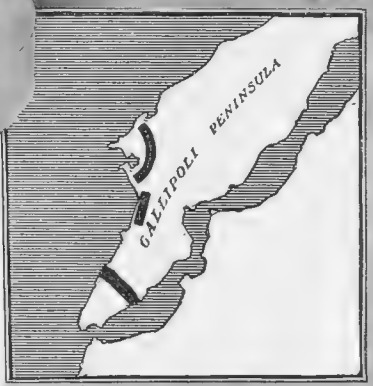
Send him Soap—

No matter if your soldier friend is fighting in FLANDERS or at the DARDANELLES send him a BOX OF

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

Q.M.S. BENTLEY, *Headquarters Staff, 17th Division, B.E.F., writes:* "Please send some WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, as it is only through its frequent use that I am immune from mosquito bites."

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP



"After You with the Soap"

Extract from a letter received from the front:—"Just a line to let you know I received one of Queen Alexandra's parcels, which came very acceptable, especially the small tablet of soap, as we cannot get any on the Peninsula for love or money.

You should have seen the boys following me down for a wash. They were all shouting, 'After you with a rub of the soap,' so I can tell you I never had much left by the time they were all finished."

"Standard," Aug. 23rd.

Another very welcome gift would be a stick of

Wright's Coal Tar SHAVING SOAP.

Protects the skin from every form of "rash," and gives a persistent creamy, but not slimy, lather.

In Sticks or Tablets, **9d.** each.

H. A. BEAL

THE NEW

SHORT FULL SKIRT

In NAVY, CREAM, BLACK AND COLOURED SERGES NEW TWEEDS and RAIN-:: PROOFED TWILLS. ::

10/9

In Ready-to-Wear Sizes.

Waist	23	24	25	26	27
Length	31	36	38	40	42

It is so beautifully cut and balanced that only the waist measure and length are required.

Into the Waist—not Corselet.

Or Made to Own Measures. Waist and Length.

Sent on receipt of P.O.

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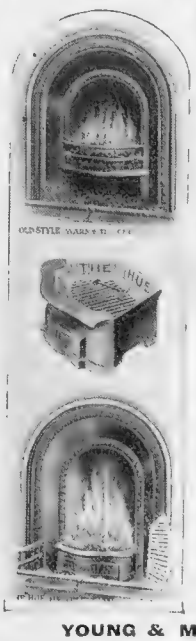
HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

the surest, quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic troubles. The Standard remedy for over 40 years.

At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

How much MONEY do you WASTE on Coal?



SEE HOW THE "HUE" WILL STOP THE WASTE

You probably have an old-fashioned grate like No. 1, which wastes the coal and gives little heat. Why not convert it into a modern bar-less fire? The cost is small and the operation simple.

No. 2 is the HUE BAR-LESS FIRE which effects the transformation. It is adaptable to any existing grate, without pulling down mantelpieces and removing the present stove.

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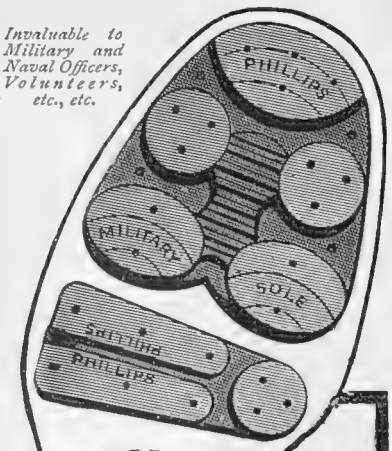

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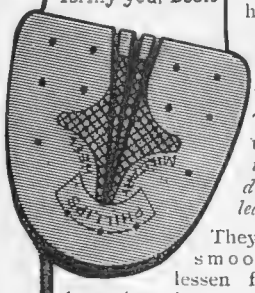

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NO MORE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

How to kill and permanently dissolve out roots and all.

Reader offers to send free everything required to prepare and use at home the simple new absorption process by which she avoided danger and pain of the cruel electric needle. Why prescriptions, appliances, acids, lotions, and similar remedies should be avoided.

To Readers of "THE BYSTANDER."

At a medical conference held in Paris just prior to the war, numerous eminent physicians cited cases which proved beyond doubt that since the discovery of a new and simple absorption process superfluous hair has become as unnecessary as it is repulsive. It was also explained how electrical processes always stimulate hair growth, how pulling with tweezers, and how acids, caustic pastes, and other worthless remedies only affect surface hair, which soon grows again.

Then the distinguished physicians told how anyone can now prepare and use at home a simple liquid which immediately creeps down through hair shaft (just as oil creeps up a lamp wick), dissolving hair as the liquid is absorbed. Thus the entire hair structure from socket to root and papillæ may be dissolved out of existence, so there is nothing to grow again. The liquid acts only upon hair, and is harmless to the most delicate skin and tissues, as a test will quickly prove; but the liquid must not be allowed to touch desirable hair, as I know of no way to restore life to roots thus destroyed.

A reader kindly tells us in this article how she killed the roots of her superfluous hair by a simple home absorption process, after the electric needle, acids, pastes, etc., had all failed.

When I see daily so many women with perfect features who would be radiantly beautiful were it not for hideous growths of ugly hair upon lips and chin, I always wish I could tell them how easily they could recover their natural heritage of delicate feminine charm and attractiveness.

I shall, therefore, be only too happy to send literature in regard to the preparation and use of the marvellous liquid explained at the conference which it was my privilege to attend. If any woman reader of THE BYSTANDER cares to try this liquid she need merely send me her name and address, plainly written, together with two penny stamps for return postage. I shall be pleased to send in plain sealed wrapping, and without charge of any kind, a liberal supply of the ingredients of the liquid referred to above, together with full directions for use. Women readers can then use the new process in the strict privacy of their own boudoirs. Have correspondence brief as possible, and do not write to thank me after hair is destroyed, as my time is greatly limited. I can agree to answer but one person in each family, and correspondence will be considered strictly confidential.

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(Directly opposite Asprey's)

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

TWO important *premières* during the past week have given quite an impetus to dress, and we are afforded opportunities for realising the infinitely greater elegance in the new *modes* at both the theatres responsible for the productions.

Revival of the Sleeveless Coat

With Miss Irene Vanbrugh in the cast one is always assured of delightful apparel, and *The Big Drum*, at the St. James's Theatre, is no exception in this regard. Four acts give the *couturière* a fine run, but as my space for discussion is limited, I must perforce make selection. Unquestionably the most interesting sartorial effort worn by Miss Irene Vanbrugh was a velveteen suit in Act IV. The colour was hunter's green, the short skirt having back and front arranged in a series of flat pleats, and the sides adorned with the now inevitable little pockets, ornamented with gilt buttons and cords. With this there was worn an extremely baggy sort of coat, a short half-length affair, with a very square appearance about the shoulders, due to a yoke that finished with a shapely collar surmounted by a line of skunk. Only on Miss Vanbrugh removing this coat was the fact revealed that it was sleeveless, those necessary adjuncts belonging to the prettiest, floppiest little corsage imaginable of the velveteen. A deep fold carried either side from the shoulders had the lower half decorated with a line of the same small gilt buttons and cords, while nearer the centre a pleasant break was provided in some little *pattes* of oriental embroidery, a velvet belt *appliqué* with black patent leather and soft frail little collar and chemisette of ivory *tulle*, completing a veritable triumph of taste and originality. A gown, moreover, particularly applicable to the coming months.

Of the most persuasive delicacy was a gown of white chiffon, relieved by cleverly introduced touches of Copenhagen blue, bands of blue embroidery on white hooping the skirt beneath the veiling of chiffon. In the bodice the same embroidery was most deftly handled, being only partially veiled; while in the selection of a slightly trained evening toilette Miss Irene Vanbrugh emphasises another welcome revival. The general colour scheme of this is a very tender champagne, the underdress being of silvered lace and the fragile *décolletage* of white *tulle* stitched with mock diamonds. To Miss Helen Ferrers some exceptionally good gowns are likewise allotted, a striking success being an evening creation of raven's-blue *tulle*, portions exquisitely embroidered with sequins in tone.

A COUNTRY SUIT FOR COLDER DAYS

Dull tomato-red velveteen is the suggestion for this original country suit, especially designed by Mrs. Dorothy Millar, who, furthermore, suggests that a black and white striped shirt shall be worn, also black and white striped stockings with black brogued shoes

The Dresses at Wyndham's Theatre

Although Miss Marie Löhr invariably arouses pleasurable anticipations among dress-lovers, her selection being always characterised by the finest taste, there is not as much scope in that very admirable play, *The Ware Case*, for a display of *modes*. Some considerable interest, however, centres round an evening gown of soft white satin and black *tulle*, long draperies of the transparency starting from the left shoulder, back and front, and sweeping low down on the right, where some handsome embroidery sparkles and scintillates.

Resting its attractions solely and wholly on colour is a delicate fuchsia-tinted chiffon frock worn by Miss Stella Patrick Campbell, while the black chiffon velvet gown and dark furs worn by Miss Löhr in the trial scene melted, as was intended, into the sombre background, the hat alone, a quaint close-fitting affair, standing out in silhouette, with a great Paradise plume sweeping right on to one shoulder.

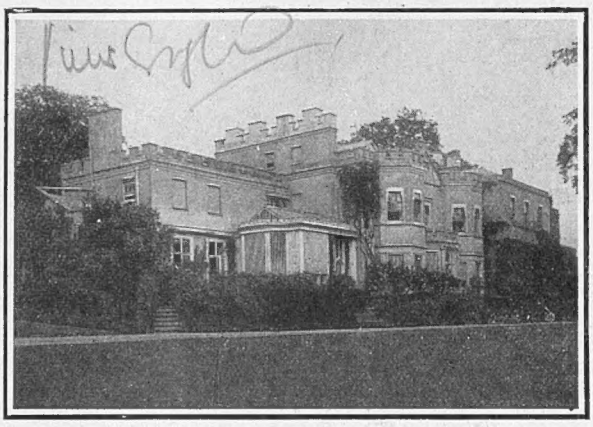
Facts that Women Should Know

A great deal of history has been made since Mrs. Adair, the world-renowned complexion specialist, opened the premises she still occupies in London, 92, New Bond Street. Practically from the first she experienced an unique success, and perhaps she will forgive my offering the individual opinion that the

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded from page xiii)

corner-stone was laid by that remarkable Eastern Muscle Oil. I have personally the very highest opinion of this emollient, having seen remarkable effects achieved, and in a comparatively short space of time.

Antiseptic electrolysis is another speciality taken up in very early days by Mrs. Adair, who made a particular study of this delicate work. It is performed without the least discomfort and yet with celerity, and stands very high in the opinion of Mrs. Adair as a destroyer of the actual root of the hair. At the same time, there are sensitive skins and minds that cannot stand the electric needle. And for these there has been provided a most satisfactory treatment in the Ganesh Dara. Mrs. Adair is particularly anxious it should be made clear that Dara is not a depilatory which merely burns the hair off and leaves the root; it gets directly at the root. It is well worth trying, especially in the early days of a merely slight, but unpleasing, hirsute growth.



TAPLOW HOUSE, BUCKS

Which, in the absence of its owner, Major W. B. Du Pre, M.P., on active service, is being converted by Mrs. Du Pre into a maternity home for naval and military officers' wives and widows. A fully-trained staff, headed by a matron and sister from St. Bartholomew's Hospital, has been engaged, and there is accommodation for twenty-one patients

Tuck's Picture Postcards

Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons continue to publish more sets of their admirable naval and military picture-postcards. These are coloured and the work of skilful artists, but no more expensive—one penny each—on that account. Dreadnoughts, submarines, and aircraft may now be "collected," and it will soon be possible to obtain pictures of almost every famous regiment in the British Army. Messrs. Tuck also promise a Red Cross Series and another devoted to our latest Ally.

A Manual for Volunteer Marksmen

We have received a copy of a little booklet entitled "Practical Points in Musketry," written by Mr. Charles Riggs (late of the Essex Yeomanry), a famous Bisley shot and an accepted authority on rifle shooting. The author deals with marksmanship in all its aspects and devotes a special section to the arms with which the Home Defence Corps are equipped. He insists particularly on the necessity of strict attention to the matter of cleanliness—and oil—as one of the principal requisites to the would-be "shot." The descriptions, accompanied by diagrams, of the Service rifle and the various sighting contrivances should be of immense value, and the general style, which is clear and comprehensive, is an added recommendation. The booklet can be obtained to order from any bookseller or direct from the publishers, the Practical Press, 120, Norbury Crescent, London, S.W. The price is 3*d.* or by post 4*d.*, and a reduction is granted on quantities.

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GIRLS' SCHOOL OUTFITS.
LITTLE BOYS' FIRST SUITS.
LADIES SIMPLE AND PRACTICAL COUNTRY GOWNS.

Girl's "Sports" Costume. Coat of Nut Brown Homespun Frieze, Skirt and Facings in same material in shade of dark Moss Green.

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Made in many other combinations of colour.

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Night-Scented Stock

This Perfume was originated by Zenobia, Ltd.; so also was the lovely

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Each of these is sold at **2/9, 3/11, 5 6 & 11/6.**

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This also is a great favourite among all Ladies who love delicate perfumes.

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TRUE FLOWER PERFUMES

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Also in fine Cravenette, guaranteed fast dye, especially suitable for Summer Wear, **31/6**
All sizes in stock.

Apron, in stout linen-finished Cloth ... ... **2/6** each.
Overall in blue-grey Cotton Cloth ... ... **7/6** ,,
"Sister Dora" Cap 6½d. & 10½d. ,,
Sleeves .. .. **8½d.** pair.
Black Patent Leather Belt, to wear with Overall, 1 in. ... **1/3½** each.
Collar (as illustration) ... **6½d.** ,,

THE REGULATION COAT & SKIRT OF THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY.
ALL WOOL SERGE
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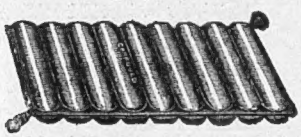

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14 in.	15 in.	16 in.	17 in.
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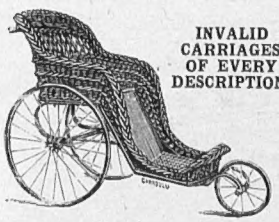

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With mattress, hood and apron, as illustration ... **£5 14 0**
Also with leather strap Cee springs, **£6 18 0**

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NORVIC BOOTS AND SHOES are made in a great variety of styles—the Derby Shoe in fine glace kid is one of the most popular in the range. Norvic are beautifully made for comfort and long wear.

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for tired, lined eyes, imperfect contours, unhealthy complexions, double chins, &c., is the

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The Menu: Sauces, Chutney, and a Pickle

Devilled Ravigote Sauce
Béchamel or White Sauce
Wild Duck Sauce
Bengal Chutney
Tomato Chutney
Green Tomato Pickle

Devilled Ravigote Sauce

Fry in butter a sliced onion, a chopped carrot, a little mace, scraped horse-radish, salt, cayenne, a bay-leaf, one clove, and a little thyme. Add to this nearly a tablespoonful of Chili vinegar, a gill of brown sauce, and, when boiling, a spoonful or two of red-currant jelly. After straining through a sieve, when the jelly is melted, reheat the sauce and serve. This is a particularly good sauce for a hare, and some should be poured over the roast hare, when the back is sliced, the rest of the sauce being served in a tureen.

Béchamel or White Sauce

Dissolve 1 oz. of butter in a saucepan, add 1 oz. of flour; stir this over the fire for a few minutes, just long enough to cook the flour without allowing it to brown. Stir in a pint of boiling milk, add a small onion stuck with a clove, ten peppercorns, half a bayleaf, a sliced carrot, a pinch of salt, and a little grated nutmeg. Stir till it boils and allow to simmer for fifteen minutes. Pass through a strainer, return to the saucepan, and reheat. Lastly, whisk in a small piece of butter and a squeeze of lemon-juice.

Wild Duck Sauce

The ingredients required for this sauce are as follows: One dessertspoonful of ketchup, two dessertspoonfuls of Harvey's sauce, three dessertspoonfuls of port wine, one dessertspoonful of castor sugar, one dessertspoonful of lemon-juice, half a teaspoonful of cayenne, and a little salt. Mix these well together, heat them over the fire in a saucepan, and serve with wild duck.

Bengal Chutney

One pound of brown sugar, ¼ lb. of powdered white sugar, ½ lb. of salt, ¼ lb. of garlic, ¼ lb. of onions, ½ lb. of stoned raisins, ½ oz. of cayenne pepper, ½ lb. of mustard seed, three pints of vinegar, sixteen large apples. Chop the garlic, onion and raisins very fine. Wash and dry the mustard seed. Peel and core the apples, and boil them to a pulp in the vinegar. Then place them in a bowl. When the apples are cold add the other ingredients. Mix thoroughly daily for a week, then bottle and seal. The chutney will keep for years and improve by keeping.

Tomato Chutney

Put one pint of vinegar in a preserving-pan with ½ lb. of Demerara sugar. Boil until the sugar is dissolved. Slice 1 lb. of tomatoes, 1 lb. of apples; add ½ oz. of ground ginger, 1 oz. of mixed spice, six chillies (only the seeds should be used), ¼ lb. of sliced shallots, ½ lb. of sultanas, salt to taste. Boil all well together until thick and sets firmly like jam.

Green Tomato Pickle

Slice very thin some ripe green tomatoes. Sprinkle with salt, and let them remain all night. Then drain them well from salt, put into a stewpan, and just cover with white vinegar. To half a gallon of vinegar add ½ lb. of brown sugar, ¼ oz. of whole ginger, ¼ oz. of pepper, ½ oz. of allspice, four bay leaves, twelve cloves, one garlic. Boil together until tender. When cold tie down.

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Increasing the number of Shillings in a Pound.

How you dress and how much you can save is not entirely a matter of income. Much depends upon *the use you make of your money.* This is how some women make every pound go further than others who are less wise.

For the cost of *one* new frock you could have nearly *twenty* cleaned or dyed and made serviceable for further wear. Think of this when you are on the point of discarding an old dress or buying a new one. Think of the many other things which you could purchase with the money saved by having a dress or costume cleaned or dyed in the "Achille Serre Way."

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